



GLEANINGS
from
MERRIMAC VALLEY

SHEAF NUMBER TWO



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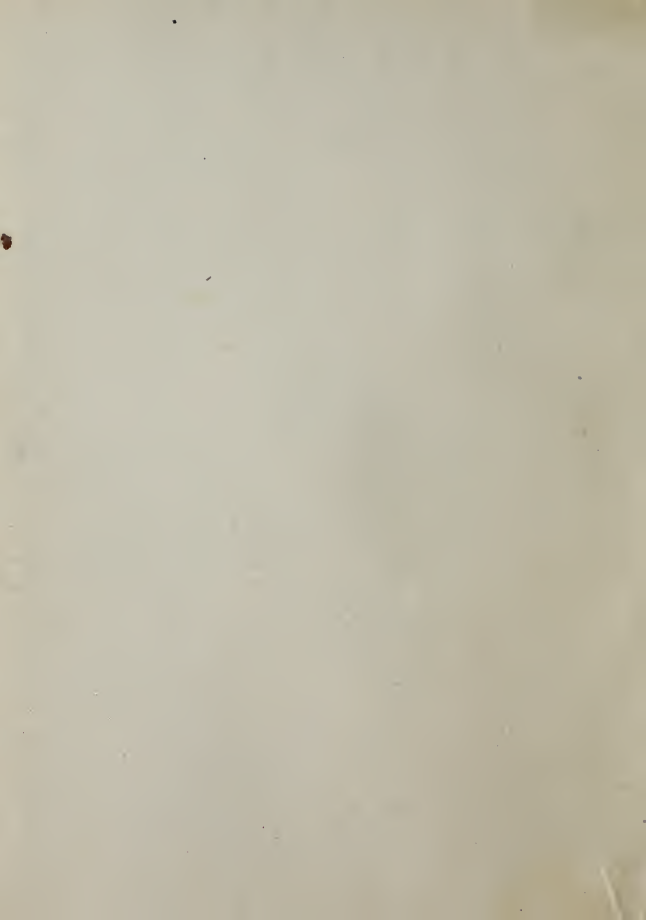
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Gleanings from Merrimac

Valley. Sheaf number two



George A. Cross





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GLEANINGS
FROM
MERRIMAC VALLEY.

BY
REBECCA I. DAVIS.

SHEAF NUMBER TWO.

Second Edition.

*"Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom;
Softly and sweet as the hour beseemeth,
Sing us the songs of peace and home."*

WHITTIER.

HAVERHILL, MASS. :
CHASE BROTHERS, 13 - 15 WASHINGTON ST.
1887

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1886

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TO
Whittier's Schoolmates,
STILL LINGERING IN "LIFE'S SCHOOL," PART ONE OF THIS
SIMPLE VOLUME
IS VERY RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

➤ Gleanings from Merrimac Valley, ⚡

By REBECCA I. DAVIS.

DANVERS, January 12, 1882

"Thanks for your pretty little book, which I have read with pleasure. I thank thee heartily for gathering up the histories and traditions of dear old Haverhill."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Have read your book with a great deal of interest. Trust you will give us other new and interesting sketches."

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"Have met with but few narratives of late better worth reading than that of Harriet Livermore. May your pretty volume find its way to many a Christmas table."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Have read your 'Gleanings' with much interest, and my husband, who is better acquainted with the people and things referred to, was even more interested."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"Have read your book with great interest, and hope you will record with your graceful pen, other interesting scenes and legends of our beloved valley."

BEN: PERLEY POORE.

SHEAF NUMBER TWO.

"Have been much interested in the little volume."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"A beautiful volume—full of matters of interest to natives and residents from Haverhill to the sea."

PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.

"A delightful book, especially to all lovers of Whittier."

NORMAL HERALD, IND.

"Miss Davis is doing a valuable work in her reminiscences of Whittier and characters spoken of in his poems."

HAVERHILL BULLETIN.

"The volume is written with the characteristic modesty and simplicity of the author."

HAVERHILL GAZETTE.

PREFACE.

Poets in all ages have made classic their own native rivers. Wordsworth and Burns have sung the beauties of the Yarrow and "Sweet Afton," while our own poet has made the valley redolent with songs of the delightful Merrimac, whose tranquil loveliness attracts the eye of every beholder.

Rising among the forest crowned hills of New Hampshire, its windings may be traced like a belt of blue ribbon stretching along between the hills, whose lovely scenery is mirrored upon its glassy surface, widening in its course as it hastens to the sea. Viewed from Pipestave Hill by the exiled Louis Phillip and Brissot, its picturesque beauty was pronounced unsurpassed.

As Bayard Taylor, who "travelled in many lands," gazed upon it from Powow Hill, near Whittier's home, he said, "for quiet beauty it excels anything I have ever seen."

Along its peaceful borders thrift and enterprise hold sway, and its waters turn more spindles than any of its size in the known world.

Yielding a rich harvest of intellect, its sons and daughters have gone forth to fill the highest stations in life, including poets of both sexes, but none more honored than he who sings of our lovely valley.

"Oh never may a child of thine
Where e'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky that bent above
His childhood, like a dream of love.

Familiar with its traditional lore, witchcraft, persecution of Quakers, etc., so many incidents of which he has beautifully woven into song, until the air seems filled with poetic inspiration.

To understand something of the local association, the scenes and characters embraced in these charming "Home Ballads," the more interesting do they become.

Some of these have been gathered among other gleanings in our wanderings along our native river, a sheaf of which was included in our simple "Gleanings" published in 1881.

The ready sale of two editions, together with the solicitation of friends, leads us to place before the public Sheaf Number Two, which is divided into two lesser sheaves, the first alluding to other Home Ballads of the Quaker poet, and scenes and characters immortalized in his works. Though every scene to which his poems allude may not have been laid directly upon the Merrimack, the poems were written upon its banks, and here our simple gleanings gathered.

In sending forth our unpretending little volume, written amid many interruptions, and possessing so *little* literary merit, we beg our friends to be charitable in their criticisms, and if but few grains of wheat be found worthy of garnering, we trust they will not be scorned, because of the chaff with which they have been mingled.

To the many patrons of our former volume, and all who have aided by words of encouragement in our simple literary work, we tender our sincere thanks. Should any of the readers of our little book derive the pleasure in reading that we have in writing it, we shall be amply repaid for all the labor it has cost; but for this, we dare not hope.

R. I. D.

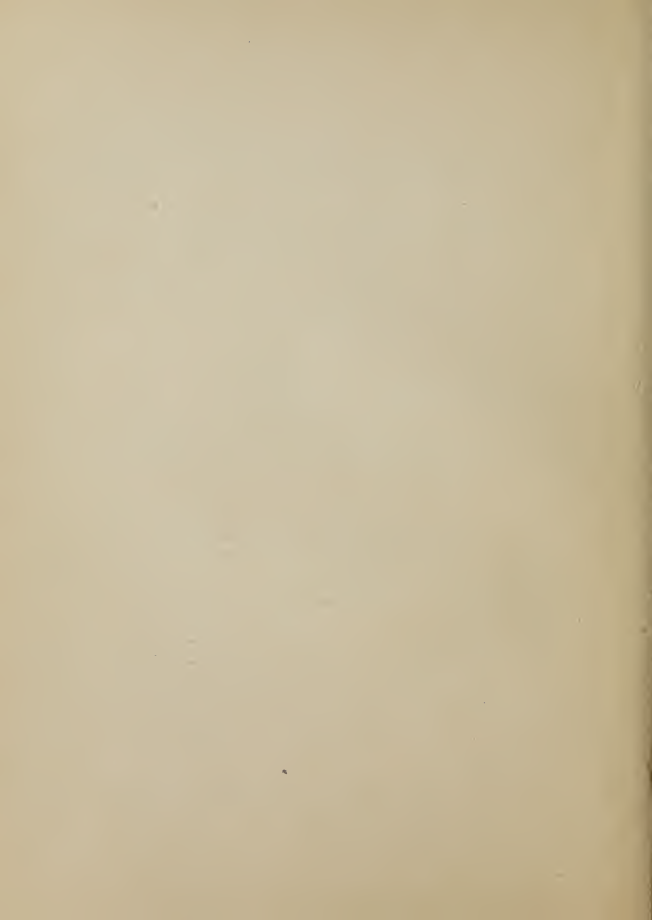
EAST HAVERHILL, MASS., September 6, 1886.

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BIRTH, HOMESTEAD, SURROUNDINGS, EDUCATION,
WRITES FOR THE PRESS, EDITOR, A
NOTED POET, CONCLUSION.

"We praise not now the poet's art,
The rounded beauty of his song;
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong."

WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, one of the greatest American poets, and friend of the oppressed in every land, was born in East Haverhill, about three miles from the lovely Merrimac, December 17, 1807.

The Whittier house, in which he first saw the light, was erected in 1688 by Thomas Whittier, the

first ancestor, who came from England to Salisbury, Mass., in 1638, and afterwards settled in Haverhill. His youngest son Joseph was married May 24, 1694, to Mary, daughter of Joseph Peasly, who lived in the "Old Garrison House," near Rocks Village, and through him the poet's lineal descent is traced. His youngest son Joseph married Mary Greenleaf, of Newburyport, and they became the parents of eleven children. John, (next to the youngest) father of the poet, was married October 3, 1804, to Miss Abigail, daughter of Joseph Hussey, of Rollinsford, N. H., and the names of their children are as follows: Mary, born September 3, 1806; John Greenleaf, December 17, 1807; Mathew Franklin, born July 18, 1812, died January 7, 1883; Elisabeth Hussey, born December 7, 1815, died September 3, 1864.

The poet's mother descended from Rev. Stephen Bachelor, (alluded to in Whittier's "Wreck of Rivermouth") who was the first minister of Hampton, N. H. It is said "that Whittier, Webster, William Pitt, Fessenden, Caleb Cushing, Wm. B. Green, and other prominent men, inherited their fine features and penetrating eyes from the same ancestor."

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The Whittier house originally, was built with a slanting roof on the rear part, but another story was added before the gentle Abigail Hussey came to preside over the pleasant home. Were it not for the well-travelled road which runs along a little distance from the front of the house, the place would be more lonely than now, as there is not a single chimney in sight. The homestead stands on somewhat rising ground, sloping gently from its front to the brook, which comes leaping down over the moss-grown rocks and "stepping stones,"

"The music of whose liquid lip,"

says the poet,

"Had been to us companionship,
And in our lonely hours had grown,
To have an almost human tone."

"Whittier Brook" runs through a little bridge across the road, and finally empties into that of "Country Bridge." Across the main road from the brook rises a hill nearly three hundred feet high, which is called Job's Hill, being named for an Indian chief. From its summit several mountains in New Hampshire are clearly seen. No wonder it was a favorite resort of the poet in his early days, as he

sat there conning some interesting book, or listlessly dreaming of the far away future.

Some distance up the road, at the left, is situated Kenoza, or Pickerel Lake, whose shores the bare-foot boy trod in youth, as with his companions he gathered the brown nuts of Autumn, or sailed perchance upon its limpid waters, of which he says :

“Kenoza ! o’er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail.”

Turning from the main road into the North, which runs by the west side of the Whittier house, we soon come to the “Whittier Elm,” a fine old tree upon the homestead directly in front of the residence of an esteemed schoolmate of the poet. The house occupies the site of the “Old Garrison House” to which the inhabitants used to flee in time of Indian depredations, except Quaker Whittier’s family, who slept with unbolted doors, yet were never molested.

In this rural home, nestled in a green valley, whose diversified scenery forms so pleasant a landscape, especially when its foliage assumes the gorgeous livery of Autumn days, the childhood and

youth of the Quaker poet were passed. Surrounded by the dear home circle of whom he alone survives, the excellent and refined mother strove to impress such valuable lessons of wisdom upon the hearts of her children, as to inspire them to seek *goodness* rather than *greatness*, while the honored father, dear uncle and aunt, contributed with her their knowledge of men and things both past and present, which has furnished him the theme of many a delightful song.

At seven years of age, Mr. Whittier went to a winter school kept in a neighboring house by the late Mr. Joshua Coffin, of Newburyport. In his poem "To my old schoolmaster," he says,

"I, the urchin unto whom
Thou didst teach the mysteries,
Of these weary A, B, C's,—

and further on, in speaking of the old house which stood where the residence of Mr. Ryland Chase now stands,

"Through the cracked and crazy wall,
Came the cradle-rock and squall,
And the goodman's voice at strife
With his shrill and tipsy wife.

In alluding to the occupants of the miserable old house a few years since, the poet told us "that one morning on baking day the good man went to the village and exchanged a load of wood in barter, taking of course some ardent spirit, as was the custom of those days.

A too frequent sipping of the tempting drink made the good wife quite tipsy, and being in want of wood for her brick oven, she took a loose board from the top of one of the cellar stairs and threw it in. A short time after she had occasion to go down cellar, and not thinking of the missing board, stepped through, and broke one of her limbs. We hardly think she continued to heat the brick oven with loose boards from the cellar stairs.

As the district school continued but three months in the year, the poet's privileges for education were very limited, especially as the family library consisted of scarce twenty books, and these not suited to the tastes of children and youth. The Farmer's Almanac was carefully studied, and the coming of the weekly Gazette was hailed with joy, as they read

"Its record mingling in a breath,
The wedding knell and dirge of death."

The Whittiers were a very industrious family, and when not attending school, John began at an early age to make himself quite useful to his father in the farm work, improving as usual each leisure moment in study. When old enough, he was sometimes seen driving the team to Rocks Village with a wagon load of apples (which in those days were very cheap) to exchange for salt fish, which the captains of schooners used to bring up the river in barter with families who wished a winter's supply. At thirteen or fourteen he began to write verses, inspired by reading from the Gazette and Free Press, some of the poems of Hannah Gould and Mrs. Hemmans, and especially, by a volume of Burns given him by his school teacher, Joshua Coffin. A few years later, some of his poems were sent (secretly) by his eldest sister, to the Free Press, of Newburyport, (the family paper) edited by William Lloyd Garrison, who saw in them so much poetic genius that he obtained from the carrier the author's name, visited him at his home and urged his father to send him to an academy. To obtain means for so doing, the young man learned to make ladies' slippers, and long ago, a dear old uncle, the late

Deacon John Morse, told us of his interest in the "Whittier boy," being at the time foreman in the shoe shop, from which he obtained his work. "Upon his first entrance," said he, "I was strongly attracted by his honest, open countenance and manly bearing, and as the employer was somewhat loth to give out work to beginners, I took special pains to make every suggestion of improvement in my power, and he obtained employment as long as he wished." In after years, when living in New Hampshire and asked if he knew "Poet Whittier," it was with no little pride that he spoke of knowing him "not only as a poet, but of his special interest in him when a youthful shoe-maker."

At the age of nineteen, in 1827, Whittier attended the fall term of the Haverhill Academy, where he distinguished himself in writing compositions, especially by the Ode which was sung at its dedication, which is still preserved as a mark of his early poetic genius. The ensuing winter he taught the district school at Birch Meadow, West Amesbury, returning to the Academy in the spring, where he remained six months. Soon after he went to Boston, and edited the *American Manufacturer*.

In 1829, when not quite twenty-one years of age, he became editor of the *New England Review*, for about two years, when his father, being in ill health, needed him on the farm. In 1833 he was sent as a delegate to Philadelphia by the Anti-Slavery convention. In 1835 he was elected by his townsmen to the Massachusetts' Legislature. The same year he and Mr. George Thompson, from England, went to Concord, N. H., and from their Anti-Slavery principles, were assailed by a mob, and pelted with stones, but obtaining shelter, escaped injury, and coming to the old homestead, were secreted therein for several days. In 1836 the poet removed to Philadelphia, being chosen secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. In 1838-9 he edited the "*Pennsylvania Freeman*," whose office was attacked and laid in ashes by an infuriated mob. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Mass., and in 1845 became associate editor of the *Washington National Era*, in which he continued till 1851, since which he has given nearly all his time to literary work.

In 1847, the first compilation of his writings were published, by Muzzey & Co. In 1865, *Snow Bound*, that beautiful home idyl, (his crowning work) which has passed through so many editions.

“It was written,” says the author, “after two beings had passed away—my mother and my sister—and is in one sense a memorial of them. As I could not disassociate them with my home life, the poem became a narrative of my early days in Haverhill,” than which, we ask, could a more fitting one be written?

How well we remember the poet's mother and sister, who in our childhood came occasionally to worship in the little Baptist Church at East Haverhill. We can almost see them now as then, arrayed in modest Quaker garb ; the former, with her sweet, benignant countenance, and the gentle sister, Elisabeth, with “her large, sweet, asking eyes,” while the dear maiden aunt, Mercy, made up the interesting trio, than whom, among the little company of worshippers, sat none more reverent and devout.

The popularity of Whittier as a writer had been increasing each year, but when *Snow Bound* appeared, it was greatly enhanced, and he now ranks in both spheres, among the most distinguished poets of the age. Though he writes less frequently than of yore, yet his occasional songs seem doubly sweet, written as they are in the rich and mellow harvest of age.

Though nearly 80 years old, his form is still erect and the pleasant eye retains its youthful brilliancy, enjoying the lovely landscape and beautiful in Nature with the zest of former days.

Several years since, he left his pleasant home in Amesbury, to reside with relatives of "Oak Knoll," in Danvers, Mass., but goes back occasionally to visit, especially on the return of election days.

"Oak Knoll" is a lovely spot, with its pleasant mansion, upon whose spacious grounds tall oaks cast their shadows, combining with its pleasant groves to render the seclusion more complete and fitting for a poet's home especially one who shrinks so much from publicity, remarking at one time to a friend, "I don't like notoriety, but I like the interesting friends it has introduced to me—the friends is has brought me." Were it not for this feeling, many public demonstrations of honor would be shown him by the people, "whose hearts," a certain writer has said, "he holds in his hands." Nevertheless, he is sometimes the subject of them, among which are the following instances :

December 17, 1877, the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly gave a dinner in honor of his seventieth

birthday, at Hotel Brunswick, to which some seventy guests were present, including some of the most distinguished writers and poets of New England, and elsewhere. Several poems prepared for the occasion were read by the authors, and letters of regret from absent ones. The celebration was largely noticed by the press, and scores of poems and prose articles were published in the journals of the day, each contributing their meed of praise and interest in the occasion.

Thursday, September 10, 1885, the Whittier Re-union of the class of 1827, of the old Haverhill Academy, which had been arranged by Rev. Charles Wingate, occurred at St. John, the Evangelist, Rectory, of which he is pastor. The Rectory presented a lovely display of flowers plucked from garden and wildwood, filling the air with a delightful fragrance. The poet was warmly welcomed by his old school-mates, fifteen of the thirty-five survivors being present, with noted invited guests, to whom the occasion was very delightful, being so free from ceremony. The time given to friendly greeting and congratulations having expired, at 4 P. M., Mr. Clarence E. Kelley, principal of the High School,

Haverhill, introduced Miss Woodman, a relative of Mr. Whittier, who read his poem, prepared for the re-union. Letters of regret followed from Miss Arethusa Hall, preceptress in 1827, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many others, that circumstances beyond control hindered their being present. Mr. E. T. Ingalls then read an original poem. The little company soon after gathered round a tempting collation, and all joined in the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Before partaking of it, the poet expressed his pleasure that he was permitted to greet so many old schoolmates still lingering "in life's great school." During the remaining hour, he made "many inquiries for absent ones," recalling pleasant reminiscences of school-day life. The presence of his venerable old teacher, Mr. Moses Emerson, whose school he attended in the "old schoolhouse" at Corliss Hill, was highly gratifying to teacher and pupil. Before closing this very pleasant re-union, "My Psalm" was read by Dr. John Crowell, and Mrs. Julia Houston West sung "Auld Lang Syne," in which all joined. As the poet bade his schoolmates farewell, he gave to each his photograph and

autograph to be cherished as a parting remembrance of the memorable occasion.

It was very gratifying to the survivors of the class of 1827 that Mr. Whittier yielded to the written request received September 10, 1885, viz: "That he would sit for a portrait by Mr. Harrison Plummer, an old schoolmate." The picture is very life-like, and encased in an elegant frame given by Mrs. E. J. M. Hale. Upon Mr. Whittier's seventy-eighth birthday, December 17, 1885, it was unveiled and presented, with appropriate ceremony, by his old schoolmates, to the Haverhill Public Library, in the presence of a number of friends of the poet, where it now graces its walls, an honor to his native town.

Nor was he indifferent to the honor and respect thus shown him, as will be seen by the following letter to Mayor Sheldon, dated,

OAK KNOLL, 12 MO. 19, 1885.

Hon. J. H. Sheldon, Mayor of Haverhill.

DEAR FRIEND: I thank thee for a copy of thy generous and eloquent address at the reception of my Portrait. I could wish that I fully deserved its eponiums. I am deeply touched by this pleasant remembrance of my birthday by my old schoolmates and the citizens of my native Haverhill.

Few marks of esteem have given me so much satisfaction, proving as it does that I am not without honor among "mine own people," where indeed I most desire and value it.

I am very faithfully thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Thus the events of Whittier Re-union, at Haverhill, September 10, 1885, and the unveiling and presentation of his portrait to the Haverhill Public Library upon his seventy-eighth birthday of the same year, as recently recorded in book form, (entitled, "Whittier and his Schoolmates,") comprise one of the most interesting pages of our local history.

The above simple narrative is but a brief outline of some of the leading events in the life of our townsman poet, who has made his own fame, not only as a champion of freedom, but an immortal singer, whose beautiful songs and earnest life are the best tributes to his genius and worth.

WHITTIER
HOMESTEAD MEMENTOES,
AND
OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

IN the very interesting article written for "The Critic" by Mrs. Harriet P. Spofford, entitled, "John G. Whittier at Amesbury," we find among other pleasant things, the following extract in regard to the old homestead and its mementoes :

"Little boxes and paper weights are made from the garret floor of the Whittier homestead, as they are from Burn's belongings, and twigs of the overshadowing elm are varnished and sold for pen-holders, but the whole house would have to go to the lathe to meet the demand, if it were answered

generally, for it is the old farmhouse celebrated by 'Snow Bound,' our one national idyl, the perfect poem of New England winter life."

The lovers of the pretty mementoes of the homestead alluded to above, are largely indebted to the skill and ingenuity of an old neighbor of Whittier, who, being in poor health, has employed himself considerably in this department for several months past. When the little material from the Whittier schoolhouse had become exhausted, he was kindly allowed by the owner of the homestead, Mr. George Elliott, to take up a board in the garret floor, which is being converted into an imitation of a small volume of Whittier's poems, so nicely finished that one would suppose he was looking upon a little book fresh from the book binder's establishment.

The pretty varnished elm twigs, from the Whittier elm, have been sent far and near, as relics, and it may be their use gave fresh inspiration in writing the very interesting article, (to which we have alluded) upon the renowned poet, who, when a "barefoot boy," wearied with his sports, sat beneath the shade of this giant elm, with book in hand,

little dreaming that in future years small relics from its branches would be scattered over the land and sacredly treasured for the sake of him, who once sat beneath its shade. Reference has been made to a few relics being manufactured from the Whittier Schoolhouse, which stood not far from his homestead, and how many would gladly say,

“Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
The ragged beggar sunning,
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.”

Though in ruins, it would be a precious relic to those who so often visit the spot, striving to recall the original, as seen in picture or reality. How plainly we see it today, as we did some thirty-five years ago, when for a summer we there endeavored to “teach the young ideas how to shoot.” And though none of our pupils have ever ascended to such a lofty height as the immortal bard who sings with reference to the loved schoolmate over whose grave the grasses

“Have for forty years been growing,”

“He lives to learn in life’s hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her,—because they love him,”

we trust it was no fault of ours, or those who came after us, as “Poetry is the gift of God,” and “Poets are poets born—not made.”

The little brown schoolhouse, as we remember it, with its high desk, in one corner, supported by four legs, was not capable of seating more than thirty pupils. So dilapidated had it become, that Whittier’s description seemed very fitting, even then, viz. :

“Within, the master’s desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife’s carved initial.”

Especially fitting, the description of the “warping floor,” so full of crevices and indentations, that the little barefoot urchin had need to be on his guard, lest by some misstep he should suddenly lose his equilibrium, and find himself in a horizontal, instead of perpendicular position. The reason of so general a dilapidation, was that repairs had been delayed

from year to year, as the district hoped for a new edifice, which was not erected until some eleven or twelve years since, and then placed some little distance from the old site, upon the road leading directly over Corliss Hill.

The Whittier Schoolhouse was sold to the late Henry Rich for fifteen dollars, and moved a short distance from the foundation, by the side of the road, where it stood for some time, until it suffered cremation in the darkness of night, which was supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The old desk was kept for awhile by Captain Ayer of Corliss Hill, when it passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Herring of this city, and we trust it is still in existence.

Fragments of the wood have also been preserved, and worked into crosses and other devices. Its erection dates back more than four score years, the exact date we have been unable to learn.

It is pleasant to know that so many who received their early education in this humble little edifice, incited, perhaps, by the example of the "barefoot boy," have striven hard for improvement. Among the number were five collegiates. Four graduated

from Dartmouth; and each of the four entered positions of usefulness. One is a clergyman and three were high school teachers. Business men and enterprising women, including the usual share of district school teachers of both sexes, have also gone forth to engage in life's stern duties, many of whom long since laid life's armor down in response to the call to "come up higher."

Among the female teachers, Elizabeth Whittier, especially, is still held in grateful remembrance. She is alluded to by the poet as follows, in "Snow Bound," after having passed to the "bright beyond,"

"And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee, waiting stand?
And white against the evening star
The welcome beckoning of thy hand."

Miss Elizabeth will be remembered as the poet's youngest sister.

Several years since, one hot and sultry afternoon, an aged man, with pleasant face and silvery hair, was riding along in the direction of the schoolhouse, and accosting a little girl who was on her way

hither, took her into his carriage, and alighting at the schoolhouse door, informed the teacher and scholars that he taught in the same building when the Quaker poet was a little boy, and gave his name as Cogswell. He is supposed to be the teacher referred to by Whittier, in "Snow Bound," thus :

"A careless boy that night he seemed,
But at his desk he had the look,
And air of one who wisely schemed
And hostage from the future took
In trained thought and love of book."

Having looked upon the old spot, made sacred by tender memories of earlier years, the aged pilgrim departed, we know not whither ; no doubt his last visit.

Among the pedagogues of long ago, who also taught in this district, are the names of Dr. John Crowell of this city, of poetic fame, Dr. Wm. Cogswell, of Bradford, S. A. Chase, Treasurer of Central Savings Bank, Lowell, C. C. Chase, Principal of the High School for more than thirty years in that city, and many others of grateful memory living and dead.

The old Whittier schoolhouse, made famous as the temple of learning where he worshipped in youth, together with his pleasant allusions to it in song may have passed away, but like the Mahometan pilgrim, scores of lovers of the poet and his works will be found each year visiting the site, still marked by the sumach and trailing vine, to cast upon the altar of this sacred shrine offerings of gratitude for the God-given poet, soft echoes of whose pleasant songs seem still floating in its very atmosphere.

AUTUMN JOTTINGS,

1884.

THE QUAKER POET AT AMESBURY. HOME OF MRS. H. P. SPOFFORD AT DEER ISLAND. NEWBURYPORT. SOME OF ITS ANTIQUITIES. OAK HILL CEMETERY, ETC.

THOUGH we are not able to write you of a tour to Niagara or Mt. Washington, perhaps a little description of a recent visit to the "Sea-Blown City," at the mouth of our charming river, may not be wholly void of interest.

It is really looking very lovely, with its wide streets, abundance of trees, a foliage already tinted by autumn hues, and a pleasant drive with a friend on a fine afternoon, over the lovely chain bridge, sniffing the breath of Deer Island's sweet scented

pinetrees, soon brought us to the home of the Quaker poet. Learning that he was within, we ventured to call, receiving a kindly welcome, attributable, no doubt, to the fact that we came from the locality of his old homestead, but be that as it may, we were glad to look again upon the erect form and pleasant countenance of the venerable poet; "Grown somewhat deaf with age," he remarked, and listen to his pleasant conversation.

He expressed a wish to know all about his old homestead, and the people in that vicinity, as well as others more remote; and the more, from the loss of his brother Frank, who always kept him informed of East Haverhill events, adding with a sigh, "that in his death he was left alone—the last of the dear home circle."

He enquired the name of the family residing there, and showed us a picture of "The Brook," drawn by J. Appleton Brown, of Newburyport, and asked if Anderson's stereoscopic view resembled it. Thought his view of the "Old Kitchen," sent him by a friend, was very fine, especially the "further room," where he was born.

Telling him of a recent visit, with other friends,

to the "Whittier Homestead," "Peter Ridge" and "Country Bridge," referred to in "Countess" poem, his eye we thought, caught some of its youthful fire, as he laughingly related an incident of his boyhood days in connection with the once "haunted country bridge," where, it is said, the "unwearied ghost still watches."

"I remember," he said, "when a small boy, of being extremely frightened by a woman coming to our house in the evening in great fright, saying she had seen a headless ghost as she came by Country Bridge. This fact caused several of us lads to go there one moonlight night, myself promising to run upon the bridge, and call for the headless ghost. Never shall I forget how my courage failed when in sight, but true to my promise, I ran and shouted for the ghost to come forth, and immediately ran from the scene with all my might."

So graphic was the description, we fancied we could see the "barefoot boy" leaping to his home with Hiawatha's speed, though scores of years have passed since that memorable night.

This little story recalled the incident told us by an elderly neighbor, that when going near there for

berries in childhood, they dared not sit down long enough to eat their dinners, lest the ghost should come suddenly and they could not flee in time to escape it.

Surely, Country Bridge, with its lovely retreat, sweet flowers and placid stream, looks more like the abode of angels and gentler spirits, than ghosts, hobgoblins, etc. But so much for old time superstitions, fast vanishing away.

The poet enquired with much warmth about his old schoolmate, Captain E. B. Ayer, and the neighborhood generally, was gratified to learn of its growing intelligence, and their pleasant literary gatherings in the new schoolhouse, in which the two sisters residing there (with whose pleasant poetic strains many of us are familiar), take a deep interest.

Old families at the Rocks were also remembered, and "The Garrison House," where he often visited with his parents in youth, wishing to know "the owner, etc." He expressed himself interested in "Historical Sketches" of quaint individuals residing here, of whom he had heard his father tell in his youth, and suggested another name, equally eccen-

tric, with anecdotes learned of him from his father. On leaving, the poet's home, he remarked, "that he expected soon to have the pleasure of visiting the old homestead and this locality," and we are assured that many of our readers will join with us in the hope that his life and health may be spared to enjoy many more of these annual visits to the old home where in youth he wandered a "barefoot boy," little dreaming of the wreath of fame which should encircle his brow, upon which the silvery locks of age are now so brightly shining.

The home of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is also looking very attractive with its autumn tinted woodbines clambering in front, and beautiful scenery on all sides, so like fairy-land.

A short morning call was much enjoyed in listening to the intelligent and sparkling conversation of this gifted and genial lady, whom Stoddard has so well described in "Poet's Homes."

We also saw Mrs. Spofford's sister Mary, so popular as an authoress. She has an intellectual face, is tall and graceful in person, bearing considerable resemblance to Mrs. Spofford.

Those who have never been upon Deer Island in

the season of foliage and flowers, seen its pleasant grounds, rustic seats and shady nooks, rock ribbed and picturesque as it is, can hardly imagine its beauty. As we saw it thus, some two years since, we could truly say,

No longer we wonder
The muses do dwell
In this pleasant retreat,
Inspiring so well,

The sisters to measures
Of sweet gliding song,
Whose strains have delighted
The public so long.

Leaving the pleasant home of the sister authors, at lovely Deer Isle, we pass to Newburyport and see upon Broad Street a large and beautiful building, erected since our last visit, and are told that it is the Anna Jaques' Hospital, where many sufferers have already been taken to seek relief, as will doubtless be the case from year to year. *Noble woman ! to bestow such a gift. As we looked upon her pleasant residence in the lower part of the city, we felt that her last days must pass even more pleasantly for this kindly act.

*Since deceased.

In the line of antiquities we saw on Parker Street, a house built for a clergyman in 1640, now owned by Mr. Horace Noyes, and in a good state of preservation. Also the ancient "Pillsbury House" on High Street, spoken of by Miss Sarah A. Emery in "Recollections of a Nonagenarian," the form of which is very ancient. The pleasant residence of the distinguished biographer, Parton, is quite near, upon the opposite side of the street. and proceeding along a little distance is seen the birthplace of Miss Jane Andrews, a pleasing author, deceased, 1887.

On Fair Street is the venerable looking residence of the late Dr. Spofford, father of Hon. Richard Spofford, of Deer Island, a popular lawyer, the husband of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, of whom we have spoken, alluded to by Whittier in "June on the Merrimac.

The widow and daughter live with the son and family at Deer Island, but the homestead is still in possession of the Spofford family, by whom it was very tastefully decorated upon the day of the Greeley reception, he being a schoolmate of Hon. Richard Spofford.

In the large parlor may be seen a handsome fireframe invented by the poet, (Rev. John Pierpont, formerly settled over a Unitarian Church in Newburyport) and presented to the Doctor, being his family physician.

On Charter Street is the plain, unpretending house where Miss Hannah Gould, the poetess, used to reside. She is well remembered, and very kindly spoken of by old residents.

As usual, we visited Oak Hill Cemetery, whose tall shafts seemed fanned by the breath of Heaven, telling where the quiet sleepers rest, while the soft air is freighted with the breath of lovely flowers, blooming above those quiet graves. So fast is the cemetery filling up, that it has been recently enlarged, and new lots laid out as may be needed. Sculpture of exquisite design is here seen, including the life-like statue of Mrs. White, placed above her grave a few years since.

The few historic places just noted on our return to Newburyport, are referred to simply as those in travel, of which there are so many.

But we will leave this fine old city, so rich in local history, than which no other city in New England

has sent forth more, or so many, individuals distinguished for high intellectual attainments, including statemen, authors of both sexes, professors, clergymen, missionaries, artists, etc., not forgetting an explorer of Arctic regions, many of whose names are written high on historic page.

WITCH LEGENDS OF MERRIMAC VALLEY.

AS the love of legendary lore seems to be increasing each year, we venture to give below a few old legends of the so called witches, who dwelt along the valley of the Merrimac in "ye olden time." Some of the incidents have never before been chronicled.

Prominent among them is the name of "Witch Mose," who lived at Rocks Village for many years, in a house now owned by a connection of the family who bought it on her leaving to reside in another locality. She it was to whom Whittier had reference in his poem of "the Countess," in describ-

ing some of the different personages in this vicinity, thus :

“The muttering witch-wife of the gossip’s tale.”

Of her strange doings we heard far back in our childhood, and hardly dared to cross the threshold of the house where she had lived, lest we should see the old crone in some supernatural shape ; but she never “put in an appearance.” Whittier, who saw her in his youthful days, tells us that “she certainly had the look of a witch in combination of form, voice and feature, which would have made the fortune of an English witch finder in the days of Matthew Paris, or the Sir John Podgers of Dickens, and insured a speedy conviction.”

Like all witch-wives, the neighbors dreaded her approach. Among her evil arts, they affirmed that she bewitched their cream so that it yielded no butter, and their lights were often extinguished when met together for an evening’s enjoyment. Whittier and others tell us that at a husking they were so annoyed by a large black bug which flew into their faces and eyes, that it was knocked to the floor with a stick, and it was learned the next day that “Aunt

Mose" was covered with bruises from a fall down stairs, at the same time the bug received the blow, which seemed evident to the company that it was she, instead of the bug, who had troubled them. When "Goody Mose" lived at Corliss Hill, in a house owned by Mr. Josiah Chase, we are told that a young man who lived near, paid his addresses to one of her daughters. Being joked one evening before visiting his sweetheart, about "her mother being a witch," he declared his utter "disbelief in their existence."

Wishing to frighten him a little, some of the younger members of the household hung up tin pans, chains and bells over the entry door, through which he was to pass on his return, when lo! the entry was as light as day, and the trick at once discovered. So great was his fright, however, that he never again disputed the existence of witches, firmly believing that the strange lighting up of the entry was "Aunt Mose's" doings, and it is needless to say, his visits to her daughter were discontinued.

A prominent man of Rocks Village, who lived near her house, being a firm believer in steel as a safeguard from witchery, put a layer of horseshoes upon

his buildings, so much did he fear her Satanic power, to which all witchery was ascribed.

It was probably about this time that she sold her house to a neighbor, telling him "his family would never prosper if they lived therein," and in cases of ill luck in the family, some of the neighbors recalled her prophecy.

Tradition tells us, that when she afterwards returned their spinning wheel by request, she told the daughter "they never could use it," and all the mother's efforts were vain, the band flying off, etc., as though fairly bewitched, but when borrowed again by the old lady, the latter had no trouble in plying it.

In a few months after removing into "Goody Mose's" house, the mother was taken strangely sick with blindness and palsy, suffering much before her death, which took place in a year and a half from their occupancy, and of course some of the superstitious ones of the neighborhood affirmed "that the old witch was being revenged upon the family for purchasing her house," which in her widowhood she was obliged to sell.

An old lady once told us that she had seen

her very angry, when the young people called her a "witch" and one day she went to a justice of the peace to swear "she was not a witch, but a good, honest woman," but being quite perplexed for a form to such an oath, he wrote something to which she swore, and never troubled him again.

From a very interesting poem, entitled "Goody Whitcher's Loom," written by Miss Mary Nealy in 1870, we learn that in colonial days, in a house long since torn down, which was situated between Amesbury and East Haverhill, lived one Goody Whitcher, whose ancient wooden loom, she says, "went

Bang, bang, at the morning light,
And bang it sounded on at night,"

as she "worked with never a smile or a song."

From the description, we learn that she was a miserly and crabbed old crone, "gathering her shillings here and there," and was never known to bestow a penny in Charity's name.

Feared and hated by her neighbors whom she never allowed to step foot upon her premises, when obliged to pass her house, they walked as far as

possible upon the other side of the road, and even the children trembling ran

“With faces averted, lest they might see
The crone of the ancient loom.”

Though scores of years have passed since poor Goody Whitcher went to rest, yet the writer tells us that in passing the site of her old house at night, may be heard the noise of the old loom still banging on

“All night, like the thunder in a dream,
The mystical, ghostly loom.”

So truthful is the lesson embraced in the closing verse, that we give it entire :

“And many a ‘Goody Whitcher’ lives
Who cries, more ! more ! yet nothing gives.
Greedy and selfish, and hard and cold,
Giving up all things else for gold.
Breaking the bonds of humanity,
And casting aside all sympathy,
Living for self, and leaving behind
Not blessings, but curses to mankind,
Like the crone with ‘her ancient loom.’ ”

As none of the old residents, even Whittier, so rich in tradition, remembers hearing of her, we are inclined to think the name given in the poem assumed, and the enquiry arises as to her real one, which perhaps may yet be discovered.

The site of an old house in which it is said a wizard, (Nichols) once lived, may be seen upon the right hand, in going along the river road from Rocks Village, just before you come to a small bridge near where three roads meet, the right hand one leading to Merrimac. Traces of the old cellar may yet be seen, though no one remembers the family personally.

Tradition says that he bewitched one of his neighbor's sons, so that he would start and run up one end of the house, over the ridge-pole and come down the other, and troubled the family exceedingly by his strange proceedings. Finally, Nichols sickened and died, and the son became quiet, to the great joy of the family, who attributed the change to the so called wizard's death, as they had been trying some of the usual methods to punish him.

It may not be known to some of our young

readers that in that superstitious age various modes of supposed punishment were inflicted upon witches and wizards, such as burning a piece of the hair of the bewitched, or fastening a steel horseshoe to the chair in which the witch or wizard sat. If guilty, the victim, it was said, could not move from the chair, but must sit and suffer with the heat until the steel was removed, if the chair happened to be near the fire.

Tradition tells us what befell a poor witch in bewitching a house in West Newbury, which was being moved to its present site, ninety years ago. When all efforts had proved vain, an old man said he would kill the witch, and struck one of the beams with an axe. An old woman of the village became lame at once, which continued until the day of her death, and consequently she was thought to be the cause of the mischief. We are told it was one Goody Sloper, but that was not her real name.

As a remedy for suffering under the various modes of punishment, it was believed that if the slightest favor could be received by the victim from the one inflicting the punishment, it would bring immediate relief, but such could not always be obtained,

and the poor victim must suffer on. How much virtue there was in any of the above methods, as applied to the disease of witchery, we are unable to say.

Referring again to "Goody Sloper," though guilty of strange prophecies and accused of witchery in divers forms, tradition tells us that she was not wholly given up to the devil, as may be seen.

When a sail-boat was capsized near Rocks Bridge, July 1794, and eight persons drowned, poor Goody swam out and rescued two persons, who would otherwise have found a watery grave.

Such a noble act, performed by witch or wizard, deserved the appreciation of the recipients especially, who ever after regarded her with much affection.

The last three characters, Goody Whitcher, Wizard Nichols and Goody Sloper, are referred to simply for witchcraft instead of any allusion by Whittier.

About four miles from Rocks Bridge on the river road to Amesbury Ferry, is the scene of the very interesting poem, entitled, "The Witch's Daughter," written by Whittier many years since. The house in which Goody Susie Martin, the mother of Mabel,

lived, stood very near the old house which stands alone across the road from the river's brink, and the last occupant, before being torn down, was "Marm Mitchell."

She was a singular old creature, who desired no society save that of her hens and chickens, who ranged at will her old tumble-down house, occupying it with her by night, as well as day. The events of her life were wrapped in mystery, and its secrets were buried with her. So suspiciously was she regarded by those about her, that had she lived in the days of Goody Martin, she would probably have shared the same cruel fate.

As usual, it was whispered a case of "disappointed love." If so, the poor old heart has ceased its bitter throbbing, and with the lover of her youthful days, she sleeps "low in the ground."

Here, as we have said, Goody Susie Martin previously lived, and was accused of the incantations which resulted in her arrest and condemnation to death on Gallows Hill. It was she, Whittier tells us,

"Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,
Her worn old bible o'er and o'er
When her dim eyes could see no more."

History informs us that one of her neighbors affirmed "that in his opinion she was no witch, but an arrant scold, as was her mother before her. "Notwithstanding, she was condemned to death, and "curious thousands thronged to see" her die "upon the gallows tree."

Tradition says that in attempting to hang poor Goody, the rope seemed fairly bewitched, and a crow flying overhead was heard, loudly calling, "A withe ! a withe ! to hang Goody Martin," which being procured, the cruel work was soon prosecuted. But the latter incident may be only a "crow story." We will not attempt to vouch for its truth.

Taunted as was poor Mabel "with her mother's shame," how fortunate that she should charm the noble Esek Harden, who assured her

"This no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me."

No wonder her grief was turned to joy, as he sought her on that pleasant moonlit eve, and folding her in his strong, manly arms, whispered to the lone heart the tale so oft by moonlight told.

Leading her over the pleasant fields, moist with

the dews of eve, where by the gleaming lanterns the merry makers still stripped the husks from the golden ears, Esek Harden, after a pleasant salutation to the happy company, said,

“I’m weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife.”

As the bright moon of harvest time

“Looked on them through the great elm boughs,
On Mabel’s curls of golden hair—
On Esek’s shaggy strength it fell,
And the winds whispered, ‘it is well.’ ”

Farther down the Merrimac, in the city of Newburyport, in a quaint old red house which stood on the lower corner of Market and High Streets, dwelt Mr. and Mrs. William Morse, whose wife was accused of being “a witch,” and their house was ever afterward known as the “haunted house.”

Mysterious noises were heard, such as “banging of doors, and a box of tools was seen to upset and fly about the room. Baskets dropped down chimnies, pots hanging over the fire smote against each other, and the irons jumped into the pots and danced on the table.” Goody’s tray and spinning

wheel would upset, and when she and her grandson attempted to put the quilts on the bed, they would fly off as soon as put on, all of which occurrences she affirmed "happened of their own accord."

Added to the many strange doings of witch-wife Morse, was the testimony of a neighbor, who said "he saw one half the body of Goody Morse flying about the sun, as if she had been cut in twain, or as if the devil did hide the lower part of her."

Accordingly she was arrested and taken to Boston jail, in the winter of 1679, to await her trial, and kind friends fearing she would suffer from the cold, sent clothing, blankets, etc., for her comfort.

In addition to her grief of being confined in jail and unjustly sentenced to death the following June, for what she declared "she was not guilty", her own daughter refused to visit her, though earnestly desiring to see her before she was hanged.

In answer to the mother's request, the hard-hearted daughter sent back word "that as she had sold herself to the Devil, she had forfeited all claims to her love and service," which message did grieve the poor old creature so that she cried bitterly, saying, "that to have her own flesh and blood turn

against her was more bitter than death itself," and desired a friend who stood near to pray earnestly that her faith might remain firm under this new trial.

It was expected that Goody's execution would take place June 10, 1680, and a large number of both sexes came from adjoining towns to see her hanged, who were greatly disappointed to learn that Governor Bradstreet and the magistrates had granted a reprieve until October, when through the persistent efforts of the former, she was forever exempted from her dreadful sentence.

We learn that "one Goody Matson" rode without a saddle all the way from Newbury to Boston, on Deacon Dole's hard-trotting horse, and was exceedingly disabled from her tedious ride.

As she came into town with several others of a kindred spirit, she was heard by Major Pike scolding at a furious rate because of witch Goody's reprieve, and prophesying most fearful judgements upon all concerned in the affair, for such leniency. Whereupon "he told her to keep her peace and turn her course homeward, lest she be complained of to the magistrates, and find that laying by the heels in

the stocks was worse than riding Deacon Dole's horse."

How shocking to every feeling of humanity, that woman with her naturally kind and sympathetic nature, should become so hardened as to wish to look upon the execution of either sex, especially her own! Infatuated and terror stricken as was the community at that time, lest at any moment they should be accused of witchcraft and condemned to hanging on Gallows Hill, their hatred of witch or wizard knew no bounds, and who can say there are not living at the present day those who, under like circumstances, would not be as bitter?

We would that this were the only case on record of woman's fierce hatred and revenge, but though "created a little lower than the angels," the occasional fearful exhibitions of them, shown in all ages and conditions, from palace to hovel, may well cause us to blush for our sex.

But retracing our steps, we hasten to add that as Goodwife Elizabeth Morse was a weak-minded woman, she was judged "to be more silly than wicked in the matter of troubles in her house," and it is gratifying to know that she lived a consistent

Christian life for many years after, though the stigma attached to her name will, as in the past, be transmitted to future generations.

The haunted old "Morse house" was torn down several years ago, and another erected upon the spot.

The terrible infatuation of witchcraft, resulting from "religious superstition," which appeared in New England in the latter part of the sixteenth century, made its appearance in Europe many years before, and in some countries, several hundreds were put to death. There, it was confined wholly to the clergy, but on this continent its victims were found among all classes, and not until the law interposed, did it cease its ravages, which caused much rejoicing among the people.

SUICIDE POND

AND

OTHER PLACES OF NOTE.

"One who was loved by the villagers all,
And whose smile was a gift to them
Was found one morn in the pool, as cold
As the water-lilie's stem."

NOT far from the Congregational Church, East Haverhill, on a road leading to the Whittier homestead, stands a little pond nestled between two barren hills, known as "Suicide Pond." It was so called from the following occurrence, which Whittier immortalized in verse in earlier years.

Several aged ones are still living, who remember the subject of the poem, Miss Hannah Chase, as a very amiable and beautiful young lady, with dark hair and starry eyes, "loved by the villagers all."

She was born nearly ninety years ago, of very respectable parentage, in the town of Newton, N. H., where she resided until a short time before her death, occasioned by drowning herself in the above pond, June 13, 1819, aged twenty-two years.

As usual, there was much speculation as to the cause of the rash act, which some attributed to a romance connected with a young man who worked on her father's farm. Tradition says that when their mutual attachment became known to the family, he was turned away, his social position being looked upon as quite inferior to their fair daughter. He afterwards married and became quite wealthy.

"Why she perished so strangely there
No mortal tongue could tell—
She told her story to no one, and death
Retains her secret well."

At the time of her decease she was living with a family who had several daughters, and attended with

them the district school. A few days previous to her death she washed and ironed her white dress with much care and asked the mother "if she would not keep it for her in a bureau drawer?" thinking, perhaps, in case of her death it might be needed, as she had sometimes alluded to drowning herself, when conversing with a schoolmate, who had no idea she was in earnest.

On a pleasant moonlight evening, a short time before her decease, she wrapped a snow white sheet around her slender form and walked to and fro from the house to the pond, and wished a schoolmate who was sitting at the chamber window to watch and see how she would look thus enveloped.

The strange act just noted seemed to indicate aberration of mind, but the verdict of the coroner's inquest which was held over her lifeless form, stated "that her death for aught it appears to us, was by sane suicide, unless insanity came suddenly upon her, which is impossible for us under existing circumstances to have knowledge."

The young lady was carried to her home in Newton for burial, and laid in the family lot in the old burying ground. It was judged that one thousand

persons were present at her funeral. What wonder the lonely spot was called "Suicide Pond," or that

"Seldom or never the foot of man
Is heard in that lonely spot,
For with all the dweller around that pool,
Its story is unforgot."

Some three miles above the pond on the outskirts of the city, directly in front of the old "Duncan House," is the spot where, in 1739, Hugh Talent planted the sycamore trees, so noted for their beauty, "before the fulfilment of the prophecy that they fail in 1843."

Hugh Talent was a wanderer from Old Erin, a noted fiddler, who amused the village swains and lassies through the moonlit eves of summer, by his pleasant songs and gleeful ways, delving with his spade by day. It is said that "he lived with Col. Richard Saltonstall in the capacity of a servant," in the "Duncan House" referred to above. How little thought Hugh that so many would bless his memory in future years for the leafy shade of the lovely sycamores. The little incident was long

since used by Whittier as the subject of a pretty poem, entitled, "The Sycamores."

Following down a straight road from the sycamores a distance of four miles, may be seen Greenwood cemetery, East Haverhill, a lovely resting place for the dead, almost within the sound of the sweet gliding Merrimac. Here sleeps Whittier's Countess, Mrs. Mary de Vipart of Rocks Village who died nearly eighty years ago. A substantial enclosure has recently been placed by her friends around her headstone, which was likely to be carried away in small pieces by relic hunters. Not far off reposes the early lover of Miss Harriet Livermore, of Snow Bound, Dr. Moses Elliott, whose remains were brought from the "sunny south" and re-interred some thirty years ago. Less than a mile distant may be seen his birthplace, the "Old Garrison House," built it is thought in 1645, by two Peasley brothers, with bricks brought from England.

A short distance from this, we come to Rocks Village, nestled between the hills, where upon the right is seen the birthplace of the Countess, owned by Mr. Albert Kennison. Quite near is the house in which "Witch Mose" used to live. A few min-

utes walk brings us to Rocks Bridge, upon the draw of which occurred a very singular death, some fifty-five years ago. Some weeks before the gentleman's death, he related to his brother all the circumstances attending it just as they occurred, the account of which is still preserved in pamphlet form. Whittier refers to him as a man of strong religious feelings.

A little farther on, in the edge of Merrimac, stands the residence of Mr. Bryant Shay, built upon the site of the "David Matson" homestead, the history of whose romantic and sad life, as written by Whittier in a prose sketch some thirty years since, is even more touching than Tennyson's Enoch Arden.

Some three miles distant is "Lake Attitash," or "Kimball's Pond," a favorite resort of pleasure seekers in summer time. The Indian translation of Attitash is Whortleberry. This lovely lake is the scene of Whittier's beautiful poem, entitled, "The Maids of Attitash" which has been so much admired.

Coming again upon the river road, a little distance this side of Deer Island, upon the right hand is seen the lovely "Hawkswood," built by the noted lec-

turer and traveller, Rev. J. C. Fletcher, to which the little poem "June on the Merrimac" refers, thus :

"The Hawkswood oak, the storm torn plumes
Of old pine forest kings,
Beneath whose century woven shade,
Deer Island's mistress sings."

Upon a high hill near "The Laurels" on the opposite shore of the river, stands "Moulton Castle" built by a Mr. Moulton of Newburyport. The residence was occupied during the summer season by Sir Edward Thornton and daughter, when the former was British Minister to the United States.

But we will not linger to trace farther the many interesting places so thickly strown along our lovely valley.

WHITTIER'S
WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH,
AND
THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

THE fine old town of Hampton, N. H., has been honored among others by the Quaker poet, in gathering up several old myths and beautifully weaving them into verse, thus preserving for future generations what might in a few years become obsolete.

How strange and thrilling his "Wreck of Rivermouth," from which we quote the following :

"O Rivermouth rocks, how sad a sight
Ye saw in the light of breaking day !
Dead faces looking up cold and white
From sand and sea-weed where they lay."

"Solemn it was on that old day
In Hampton town and its log built church,
Where side by side the coffins lay
And the mourners stood in isle and porch."

Who can stand upon Rivermouth rocks which are still "fair to see," without being reminded of the story of the ill-fated boat which "sailed down through the winding ways of Hampton River, full of a goodly company," while Goody Cole

"Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,"

and muttered as she descried them,

"The broth will be cold that waits at home;
For it's one to go and two to come."

What unseen influence should move the old woman to such a strange and truthful prophecy is not known, but true enough

"The boat that went out at morning, never
Sailed back again into Hampton River."

Poor Goody was among the unfortunate ones who bore the appellation of "a witch," and as early

as 1656 was tried before the Commissioners of Hampton, N. H., for her mischievous doings, and ordered to be whipped by the court of Salisbury, when the constable who had the matter in charge "saw a witch's mark under her left breast."

History tells us among her strange doings she was accused of bewitching a promising infant of Goody Marston, assuming before its death the likeness of an ape. Among the mourners at its funeral, following close behind was seen "a little old woman dressed in a blue cloak and petticoat," who bore a strong resemblance to old Goody Cole, notwithstanding she was confined in Ipswich jail, miles distant.

Another charge was that of poisoning two of her neighbor's calves, which ate her grass so that they died, as she had expressed the hope they would if allowed to eat it.

It was said that she had been known to repeat verbatim, conversations held in private, and that she tried to allure a little girl to her home by appearing to her at times as "a little old woman dressed in a blue cap, a blue coat, blue apron and a white neck-cloth," then would suddenly assume the shape "of

a dog and run up a tree," then "an eagle flying through the air," and finally "of a gray cat" holding conversation with her, and troubling her sorely.

Becoming at one time vexed with the constable of the town who was ordered to supply her with food, it was said, she caused the bread baked in his own house, "to rot and become loathsome as soon as taken from the oven;" but the same ingredients baked elsewhere, made nice, sweet bread. Also, that their sleeping room was filled one night with a terrible odor, "like that of the bewitched bread," which became so unendurable that the goodman was obliged to get up and pray, to drive away the evil spirit, and the smell departed at once.

The last accusation we shall mention, was that "one Lord's Day, while Rev. Mr. Dalton was preaching, was seen an imp resembling a mouse fall out the bosom of Eunice Cole into her lap." In consideration of so many charges against her, she "was ordered by the court, held at Salisbury, Mass., to be sent to the Boston jail, to await her trial at the Court of Assistants." Not finding sufficient evidence, she was not condemned to death, though "often whipped and set in the ducking stool."

With what dread must Goody Cole and her strange prophecies have been looked upon by her superstitious neighbors, and as the story has descended to children and children's children, how many timid ones have rejoiced that they lived not in the perilous days of the mad witch-wife, Goody Cole, and others of a kindred spirit.

The house in which poor Goody lived is not standing, but stood near the spot where the Free-will Baptist Church is now situated. The old log-built meeting house referred to in the poem, stood where the Hampton Academy, which was removed a few years since, used to stand.

If we may credit tradition, she died a tragical death, being dragged to and thrown into a hole back of the above church, and otherwise cruelly tortured. We hardly think the above statement reliable—at least we hope not.

With this allusion to "Rivermouth Wreck," another legend equally wierd and strange, suggests itself, "The New Wife and the Old," of which we give the following details, gathered from various sources. The poem bearing the title of the legend is found in Whittier's Complete Works.

Those familiar with Hampton and its surroundings have doubtless seen in sight of the depot, at the right, an old fashioned gable-roofed house resembling a tavern, designated as the "residence of General Jonathan Moulton, of ye olden time," the husband of the "New Wife and the Old," to which reference has been made. The venerable old house is still in a fair state of preservation, and is occupied by a Mrs. Mace and family.

So distinguished did Mr. Moulton become for his heroism and faithfulness in the Revolutionary War, that when Washington passed through Hampton in his Northern tour through New England, his respect for him was so profound, that in passing his house "he uncovered his head in homage to the memory of his old comrade" who had finished life's battles and already received his discharge.

The general was called a very eccentric man by his community, "who believed him to be in league with the devil," and that now and then he paid him a visit in the form of a small man, clad in leather.

Tradition says that he agreed to sell his soul to his Satanic Majesty for as much gold as could be poured yearly into the leg of his boot, but with

characteristic Yankee shrewdness, he cut off the foot of it, and in pouring gold and silver down chimney, he nearly filled the room before the deception was discovered.

Another appendage is also told, that a hole was bored in the sole of the boot, extending at the same time through the floor, so that the cellar also was nearly filled with the golden ore.

"The General's house was once burned, in revenge it is said, by the fiend, whom the former had outwitted."

When the said gentleman died, he was laid out as usual and put in his coffin, but it was soon rumored about that it was tenantless, "and the community came to the very charitable conclusion that the enemy," whom he had so adroitly cheated, "had got both soul and body at last."

But in spite of his strange weird life, he married a beautiful and accomplished young lady by the name of Smith, who in the flush of her young life gave him her hand and heart, trusting he would prove true to the end. But the union was not a happy one, and she died a few years after, as a result, it is said, of his neglect and arbitrary treatment,

such as might be expected from a person of his characteristics. We are told that she was buried upon the homestead.

Not long after her death, he married another lovely young maiden, Miss Emery, who perhaps had never learned the story of his unfaithfulness to her predecessor, and to her he presented all the costly jewels and ornaments of her who now slept in

—“The low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings.”

The wedding eve is thus alluded to in the poem :

“Dark the halls and cold the feast;
Gone the bridesmaids, gone the priest;
Twain of yesterday are one.
Blooming girl and manhood gray—
Autumn in the arms of May.”

Singular it was, that on that wedding night the young bride should retire wearing the costly jewels which had been worn by the dead one. Towards midnight, as the tale is told, she was awakened by what it seems must have been a terrible dream.

“Ha ! that start of horror ! Why
That wild stare and wilder cry ?
Hark ! that gasping hoarse and low,
‘Spare me,— spare me,— let me go !’ ”

Having recovered her precious keepsakes, the dead wife vanished, leaving her to enjoy the love which ought to have been lavished upon her in life, and for which she so much pined.

The lesson gathered from the poem is very significant, viz. : That earth’s meekest and gentlest ones, who have most patiently endured their wrongs often from their silent homes, lift their “sweet and sad-remembered faces” in “unwitting triumph” over the guilty hearts of survivors, who oppressed them in life.

WHITTIER'S SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

"When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, in the shallop Watch and Wait."

PROMINENT among the beautiful poems of Whittier is the Swan Song of Parson Avery, so familiar to all lovers of his sweet songs. Who can read unmoved the sweet, sad story it contains, so graphically and beautifully written? Often had we read it, and tried to picture the reality, but on hearing it recited by a popular reader a few months

since, so vividly rose to our vision the scenes of that terrible night, that we fancied we saw clearly

“The blackening sky at midnight,”

as

“Far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied,”

and heard the preacher say to his “dear ones weeping sore,”

“Never heed, my little children, Christ is walking on before,
To the pleasant land of Heaven, where the sea shall be no
more.”

Then again, the

“Wailing in the shallop, woman’s wail and man’s despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare
And through it all the murmur of Father Avery’s prayer.”

Having just read a very interesting prose sketch of the voyage and wreck of the good shallop Watch and Wait, in which Parson Avery sailed, we venture to give some of the details, thinking perhaps others

also may peruse with new interest the thrilling Swan Song, so familiar in New England homes.

When Parson Avery and family came from England they stopped awhile at Marblehead, expecting the fishermen would form a church, but as they were remiss in so doing, he went to Newbury, but the magistrates and ministers of the country thinking that much more good would arise from being at Marblehead, persuaded him to go ; and

“Away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling to break the living
bread
To the souls of fishers starving, on the rocks of Marblehead.”

Mr. Avery and family embarked on board a pin-nace with his cousin, Mr. Anthony Thatcher, and family, making in all twenty-three souls.

“Broad meadows reached out seaward, the tided creeks
between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts
green,
A fairer home and goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.”

But one of the most terrible storms perhaps ever known in this country came on in the night, in the month of August, 1635, and

“Blotted out were all the coast lines, gone were rock and wood and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.”

But in spite of the skipper's earnest efforts, the shallop was driven upon a rock, and so rent that the water presently came in, and the poor passengers were surrounded by it nearly up to their waists, “expecting every moment the waves of death would roll over them.” Not long did the shattered wreck withstand such a surging sea, but was soon broken in pieces, and nearly all on board found a watery grave. Only Mr. Thatcher and wife escaped.

After he could no longer cling to the rock, he was tossed hither and thither by the sea for some time, and then miraculously cast upon the shore in a bruised condition. No words could express his joy to find that his wife had shared in a like deliverance.

"While these distressed servants of God were hanging about the rock," says the writer, "Mr. Thatcher had Mr. Avery by the hand, resolving to die together (doubtless by the next wave). Mr. Avery lifted up his eyes to Heaven, saying, 'We know not what the pleasure of God is. I fear we have been too unmindful of former deliverance; Lord, I cannot challenge a promise of the preservation of my life, but Thou hast promised to deliver us from sin, and to bring us safe to Heaven, through the all-sufficient satisfaction of Jesus Christ. This, therefore, I do challenge Thee,' which he had no sooner spoken, than by a wave sweeping him off, he was wafted away to Heaven, being well furnished with those impeishable things whereto refers the advice of the Duke of Bavaria."

"The next island was therefor called 'Thatcher's Woe,' and that rock, 'Avery's Fall,' both of which have become noted by the above disaster.

The above memorable prayer sang "in the gates of Heaven" scarcely eight seconds before the good parson expired, has been fittingly called "Parson Avery's Swan Song," from the well known fact that the swan always sings her sweetest songs when dying.

"Mr. Avery had his wife and eight children on board, Mr. Thatcher his wife and nine children." The above families included all the crew except two individuals, one of whom was doubtless the skipper, to whom allusion has been made.

"Mr. Thatcher was a brother of Rev. Peter Thatcher, of Sarum, England. He afterwards lived in Yarmouth, where he died at the age of eighty years." As will be remembered, Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher were left childless by the shipwreck, but afterwards they had two sons previous to the year 1640. "His nephew Thomas, the first minister of the Old South Church, Boston, barely escaped the calamity of the wreck. He was with his uncle at Ipswich, being then a lad of fifteen years, but preferred to go to Marblehead by land, and was thus preserved from the perils of the sea."

How singular and striking the providence that by some unseen power the youth of fifteen was kept from embarking on the ill-fated shallop, while Parson Avery was doubtless impelled by the same influence to undertake the voyage to Marblehead.

To man's finite vision it would seem that the loss to the world of young Thomas Thatcher would fall

far short of Parson Avery, bound to life by so many endearing relations, so useful in his family, and especially in the church, panting to break the "living bread" to the poor fishermen upon the rocky coast of Marblehead.

But Providence had other designs, for the young lad was to become a minister of the gospel, and perchance to accomplish in future years, though in some other field, the good which was in Parson Avery's heart to do, had his life been spared.

How fitting in this connection are the following lines from Whittier's "Waiting :"

"O power to do ! O baffled will !
O prayer and action, ye are one
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil,
And good but wished, with God is done."

As the disaster above alluded to, occurred in August, 1635, a few months after the settlement of Old Newbury, Parson Avery's ministrations to the infant church must have been very precious, and we are led to infer that he left it solely by duty's call, being persuaded to enter upon a sort of mission work at Marblehead, to which his friends doubtless saw a peculiar adaptation.

When the news of the shipwreck echoed and re-
echoed along the rock-bound coast, we cannot
wonder that

“There was wailing on the mainland from the rocks of Mar-
blehead.”

and especially

“In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were
read;

And long by board and hearthstone the living mourned the
dead.”

Nor that

“Still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverend faces, the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the rock of
Avery’s Fall,”

the story having become as familiar in their homes
as “household words,” and long since woven into
sweet flowing song.

PART TWO.

OLD CHURCH AT ROCKY HILL.

DATE OF BUILDING. HIGH-BACKED SQUARE PEWS. SOUND-
ING BOARD. A VISIT TO THE CHURCH. THE AGED
PREACHER AND HIS SERMON.

“Our fathers wisely built this house of God
Where rock abounded rather than the sod.
Thus literally the scripture was obeyed,
When they in faith the underpinning laid.”

AMONG the antiquities of Essex County, we know of none more interesting than the venerable Rocky Hill Church, Salisbury, Mass., whose history dates back to the year 1785. Founded as is this edifice, upon a seeming ledge of rocks, which peer up on every hand, we wonder not at its well-

chosen name, significant of strength and durability. Notwithstanding the storms and winds of a full century, it is likely to remain for centuries to come, unless removed by man from its firm foundation, being in scripture language, "founded upon a rock." "Beautiful for situation," in the valley of our charming Merrimac, it is built on an elevated site, from which green fields and pleasant dwellings meet the eye, and fronts the main road to Salisbury Beach. The old parsonage occupied by the last pastor, Rev. Benjamin Sawyer, for thirty-six years, and later by his daughter, Mrs. Mary Collins and family, to whom we are much indebted for facts here given, stands west of the church and is a two-story house, painted white, with green blinds, and a pretty flower garden in front. The church is a large, two-story building, also painted white, sixty feet long and forty-four feet wide and though it has no spire, the chimney being placed in the center of the roof, it presents quite an imposing appearance. It has forty-eight windows with 1448 lights, the glass being very small as was the custom of those days. It contains fifty-five pews on the first floor and twenty-eight in the galleries, including the singing pews. The largest pews are

eight and one-half feet long and five and one-half wide, and are made of white pine, which tradition says "was brought from Warner, N. H.," together with the frame, which is of pitch pine. "The sill on the east side came from the old church, and must be at least one hundred and seventy years old." and whatever material of the old house could be made available was used in its construction. This, together with the sale of the pews by vendue, when finished, and one hundred pounds voted by the town, was to constitute the entire cost of the church, so in contrast with the cost of building some of our churches at the present day. "The old church stood about one-half mile north of Rocky Hill Church, on the training field in front of the house now owned and occupied by Samuel Smith." "Of the old communion service, eight goblets, two plates and a baptismal basin are now carefully preserved by William E. Morrill." The builders of the present edifice were Messrs. Palmer & Spofford, eminent craftsmen in their day. The first bridge across the Merrimac at Newburyport, Pleasant Street Church and other buildings, have well tested their thoroughness and skill. "Considerable dissen-

sion with regard to the site of the new church, the wide-spread religious declension which followed the Revolutionary war, together with the starting up of two other communities at the Mills and Point a little later, drawing from the membership of the old parish, decided against its vigorous life in the future. The West Parish Congregational Society of Salisbury which worshipped first in the old church built in 1716, and then in the present edifice of 1785, at Rocky Hill, has had four pastors besides long intervals of supplies." The first pastor, Rev. Joseph Parsons, was installed November 28, 1718, with a salary of seventy-five pounds. His ministry was a very successful one. Two hundred and ninety-one were added to the church in his twenty-one years of pastorate. The epitaph upon his tombstone was as follows: "He was an eminent Christian and a well-accomplished minister, able, faithful, laborious and successful." "August 12, 1741, Rev. Samuel Webster of Bradford, was ordained as second pastor, with a salary of one hundred and seventy-five pounds." "The beauties of Christian virtue," says Rev. Thomas Cary, "were exhibited in his whole life." "He was an able man, and several of his ser-

mons were published. He died July 18, 1796, aged seventy-eight years." The third pastor of the church was Rev. Andrew Beattie, who was ordained over it June 28, 1797. He was married January 29, 1799, to Mary Boardman of Newburyport, and in noticing the marriage the Boston Sentinel has the following: 'On the way to Salisbury the bridal pair were met by eighteen sleighs filled with the most respectable of the bridegroom's parishoners, who congratulated them on the joyous event, and accompanied them to the parsonage house, where a liberal entertainment was provided.' " The above pleasant episode was a marked token of respect to the bridal pair, who, no doubt, highly appreciated it. Mr. Beattie died of consumption in less than four years, much lamented by his church and people. "The fourth pastor of this church was Rev. Wm. Balch. He was ordained pastor November 17, 1802, and dismissed February 20, 1816. He graduated at Harvard College and belonged to the class of which Dr. Channing and Judge Story were members. He studied theology with his father, and greatly excelled as a Latin scholar." From Mr. Balch's leaving in 1816, to the coming

of Father Sawyer, in 1835, the pulpit was supplied by a committee, and the membership more or less reduced every year by "signing off," as it was called, under the "Religious Freedom Act," and worshipping in other churches.

Rev. Benjamin Sawyer removed to the parsonage in Salisbury, November, 1835, and for five or six years preached for the first church in Amesbury and Rocky Hill Church, but in 1841 he gave his entire time to the latter, and continued in this connection until his death, March 26, 1871, aged eighty-six years, six months. "He was born at Boothbay, Me., 1782, graduated at Dartmouth in 1808, and studied theology with Rev. Abijah Wines of Newport, N. H., previous to his ordination at Cape Elizabeth, Me., November, 22, 1809, where he remained until September 15, 1813. During his residence at Salisbury and Amesbury, he attended 1100 funerals, and formed 1400 marriage ceremonies. May 15, 1859, he preached a sermon at Rocky Hill, on the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance upon the ministry of the gospel. January 12, 1866, he celebrated his golden wedding—an occasion of interest and pleasure to many friends and acquaintances." Says

Dr. Spalding in the centennial historical sermon of the church ;—"Father Sawyer was faithful and sympathetic as a pastor ; kind, generous and helpful as a citizen, and consistent and exemplary as a Christian." "He preached his last sermon October 30, 1870, on which occasion his mind was clear, and he spoke in mild, tremulous tones which characterized his delivery ; reading his hymns without the aid of glasses." We have spoken at length of Father Sawyer, as he was familiarly called, as he is so well remembered, having several children now living, and among those deceased is the name of the late B. E. Sawyer, M. D., of our city, whose skillful services for a long term of years were so well appreciated.

How well we remember the aged clergyman, as on many a fine summer morning he rode slowly by our home to visit his son alluded to above, with such a venerable and saintly look, as though ripening for the heavenly shores, where he now rests upon his shining sheaves. This pleasant picture inspired us with an earnest desire to visit the dear old church, where for so many years he pointed out to his hearers the way to heaven. One lovely Sabbath in October, 1885, we were permitted to pass through

its time-honored and sacred portals, into its spacious interior, bearing the impress of a hundred years ago. Yes, a hundred years! we mentally exclaimed, as we stood musing beneath their shadow. We were soon kindly conducted by the sexton to a square pew, not far from the pulpit, and looking up, we saw over the speaker's head the old "sounding board," in the form of a half circle, fastened to the ceiling with no visible support.

The front of the high box pulpit is quite uniquely carved, and we fancied it resembled in form half a vase or goblet, standing in an upright position. Heavy wine-colored curtains, or draperies form a pleasant back-ground for the speaker, in contrast with the plastered walls, somewhat yellowed by a hundred years service. The exercises were opened by an old fashioned chant from a choir of a score of voices, we should judge, and as its sweet strains echoed and re-echoed throughout the building, so scantily filled with worshippers, we almost fancied ourselves in some old cathedral, in lands of "story and song."

Rev. Albert G. Morton, the aged minister who has supplied the church for several years past, then

rose and offered prayer. This was followed by singing and the usual exercises, after which he named his text, from the Second Epistle of Peter, 1 : 10, "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure." He spoke of the importance of the injunction, and that the best powers of man should be put forth to fulfil it. Spoke of man as a being of wonderful capabilities in exploring the fields of science and art ; a creature of progress, continually making new discoveries. "Think you not my friends," said he, "that the next century will be as distinguished for improvements as the last? I tell you there will be even greater," and we thought how quaint would then seem, if standing, the old temple whose antiquity met our eyes on every hand. He spoke at length upon the moral and religious capabilities of man, "created but a little lower than the angels," and closed by urging all present "to make their calling and election sure."

The venerable appearance of the aged clergyman, whose head was whitened by the frosts of eighty winters, seemed so in comport with the place as with benignant countenance and mild, tremulous

tones of voice he spoke, seemed to make his efforts doubly impressive. The music, a voluntary service of fine artists from surrounding towns, was soul stirring, and the chanting of the "New Jerusalem" among other old fashioned pieces, made one almost feel that the New Jerusalem had come down in very deed, "adorned with shining grace."

At the close of the service we received the old clergyman's usual welcome greeting to strangers, with permission to look about the house. He kindly answered all inquiries which suggested themselves, a favor we highly appreciated. In regard to "sounding boards" he stated "that one could speak with two-thirds of the force of voice, and he thought it a great mistake that our modern churches were not supplied with them. In his opinion, they would save many a clergyman from going abroad as a relief for sore throats." Two pews are situated in front of the pulpit, in one of which in former days, sat the tithing man, fronting the audience and holding in his hand a long pole with which to chastise any rude youngster who was disposed to disturb the the service. Tradition says, a foxes' tail was sometimes attached to the end of it, with which to tickle

the ears of the offender. The other pew was designated as the "deacons' seat," in which to give out the hymns, two lines at a time, and when these were sung by the choir, two others were read, and so on to the end. This method was pursued on account of the scarcity of hymn books, and was called "deaconing the hymns." If we mistake not, the communion table is in this pew, comprising a board in the form of a half circle attached to the front side of the pew by hinges, the table, like the pew seats, being let down when not in use. We had almost forgotten to mention the odd little hymn book shelf, much longer than wide, placed in the centre of the front side of the pew, fastened to it by the width, and projecting some twelve inches or more, which was let down by hinges like the seat. The slamming down of the seats at close of service has been the delight of many a rude boy who loved to hear their clatter, and it is playfully said, "that long years ago, the parents of a little boy who was very sick some four miles away, sent in a request "that the old hanging seats be let down easy, that he might not be disturbed," but for the truth of the incident we cannot vouch.

The pews are not arranged in regular order, opening upon a common aisle, but many of them are reached by various turns and windings. We saw near the centre of the church the spot which had sometimes given place to a stove, which "in 1827 the church voted might be used, provided it is done without expense to the church," thus abolishing the old-fashioned foot stove, in vogue for so many years ; an article but few of the present generation have had the privilege of looking upon, as so few have been preserved.

The membership of the church at present is very small, and also the congregation. It is largely dependent for the support of the aged clergyman upon weekly contributions which are much increased by aid, from abroad, many being attracted hither to see the quaint old house, hear its venerable preacher and excellent singing, like that of "ye olden time." But however small the membership, as long as the parish keeps up its organization and chooses its own officers, it can be retained for public worship. Communion of the Lord's Supper is occasionally enjoyed, one of the members serving as deacon, as none of the old officers are living. From its bap-

tismal font, the mother of Daniel Webster, Abigail Eastman, a native of Salisbury, received the rites of baptism, and many others who went forth to happy homes, whose noble sons and daughters have also blessed the world, some of whose names are placed high on the scroll of fame and honor. How little thought Ebenezer Webster and his good wife Abigail, as they came down together on horse back from the hills of New Hampshire, bringing with them the feeble "boy Daniel," to inhale the healthy breezes of old ocean at Salisbury Beach, that he carried with him the elements of an orator and statesman, whose moving eloquence would be almost akin to Cicero and Demosthenes of ancient days.

As Rocky Hill Church had been built some thirteen years before Washington's tour through New England, in 1798, he doubtless looked upon it with deep reverence, feeling that the spirit which prompted its erection would help to strengthen the foundation of the new republic.

A centennial celebration of the church occurred June 17, 1885, public services continuing in the church from 10 A. M. to 2.30 P. M., after which came

a dinner in a tent in the rear of the church, and speeches from clergymen and others. The day was favorable, and a large number of its wandering sons and daughters gathered to the old home church, greeting brothers and sisters whom long years had divided.

“The gallery contained a choir of fifty singers and players on instruments, singing the tunes our fathers sang. The ancient elevated pulpit, with its high sounding board: the hour glass which did service in the parish nearly two hundred years ago, and the venerable preacher now in the eighty-first year of his age occupying the pulpit, all combined to remind one that the past and present were happily blended.”

The Historical sermon by Rev. Samuel J. Spalding was intensely interesting. This was followed by an eloquent address from Hon. Richard S. Spofford of Deer Isle, after which he read a charming poem written for the occasion by his gifted wife, Harriet Prescott Spofford. The centennial poem, written by J. W. Nye of Lynn was next read by Rev. O. A. Roberts, and contained a pleasant description of “ye church worship in ye olden time. An excellent

centennial hymn, written by Rev. O. A. Roberts of Salisbury, was sung to the tune of America. But our space does not admit of further allusion to the programme of the day, only to say that the expectation of all present was more than met in point of interest, responding, we doubt not, to the sentiments contained in the following lines, quoted from Mr. Nye's centennial poem :

“And when another century has rolled
May thy old doors again with joy unfold
Our children's children meet together here
To hail thy second glad centennial year.”

But in leaving for the present the old church at Rocky Hill, than which no others stand for miles around so ancient, save those at Hampstead, N. H., built in 1749, Sandown, and North Danville, in the same state, the centennial of the latter was celebrated some two or three years since, we cannot help exclaiming, what a storehouse of tender memories ! It has witnessed marriage rites, and flowing tears, as loved ones have been borne from it to the silent city of the dead. As we stood before the altar, we almost fancied the shades of departed ones, once

worshipping here were around us, that we heard their voices, forever hushed ; and the sound of foot-falls, died away forever. So replete with interest is this old temple, we fondly hope it may long be spared, not only as a place for worship, but as a relic of ye olden time, and that

“The generations yet to come,
With jealous care will cherish still
Our father’s early ‘Sabbath Home,’
The pride and crown of ‘Rocky Hill.’ ”

During the pleasant season, public services are held at Rocky Hill Church every Sabbath afternoon. A full account of the centennial celebration of the church has been issued, which has much assisted us in our sketch.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

HARRY SPOOLLET.

BIRTH, CHILDHOOD, MARVELOUS DOINGS, THOUGHT TO BE
BEWITCHED, DEATH AT THE OLD GARRISON
HOUSE, ETC.

BY the suggestion and valuable aid of the Quaker poet, we take for the following chapter of our notes a brief sketch of the strange, weird being named Harry Spoollet, deceased nearly ninety years ago, at the early age of sixteen. No one living remembers him personally ; his birth, this dates back nearly to the close of the last century.

His father Capt. Henry Spoollet, of East Hav-

erhill, was a Hessian by birth, and came over as a British soldier in the days of the Revolutionary War. He resided with his family near Kenoza Lake, in the old "Jacob Caldwell House," now torn down, to give place to the "Shattuck Residence."

His mother was Miss Sally Atwood. In later years she often came here from Plaistow Almshouse begging, where it is said Harry was born.

It will be seen by the above, that he was one of the poor unfortunate children scorned by him whose name he bore, though in no wise responsible for his unlawful parentage.

Though Harry was not generally considered as wanting in common sense, yet a singular commingling of wisdom and folly appeared among other elements of his character. Even in infancy his strange doings began to develop, as sitting upon the floor he would clamber up by one corner of a high chest of drawers and seat himself upon it as king of the realm, thus rendering himself quite troublesome ; and as he grew older, a great annoyance to the neighbors. So agile were his movements, that he would run up the outside of buildings like a squirrel, ascending by the weather boards of a cor-

ner, Says Whittier, "I have heard our folks say he climbed the roof of our house without a ladder, when the doors and windows were shut, and danced upon the ridge pole. Some thought him bewitched."

As he was boarded by the Town of Plaistow at Mr. Henry Morse's, in the house now owned by Mr. Moses Thompson, not far from the East Parish Congregational Church, we hear the above statement confirmed by persons who, like Whittier's parents, were eye witnesses to his strange feats. He used to scale the roof of Mr. Robert Morse's dwelling, dance upon the ridge pole, and if the attic windows were open, swing into one of them, and come down inside of the house. He would also ascend chimneys upon the outside, and suddenly come down like a chimney sweeper into the kitchen, and when asked whence he came? replied, that he "dropped from Heaven." A singular route for angel visitants.

Somehow or other, Harry had the faculty of being ever present, and no family was exempt from his strange freaks at early morn or midnight hour.

As Mr. Daniel Chase and wife of Rocks Village, who had just moved into their new house, now

owned by T. J. Orne, were at breakfast one morning, the kitchen not being lathed overhead, or chamber floor completed, on looking up they saw Harry's feet swinging through, and with a crash he came suddenly upon the table, being, we fancy, not quite so welcome an appendage as a good roast pig or turkey.

Fear seemed unknown to our young hero. We are told "that he crossed the Merrimac to the "Dole Farm" one day when the ice was so thin and weak that it cracked at every step, and creeping upon his hands and knees, reached the opposite shore in safety. As the inmates were away he swung in at the attic window and ransacked the bureau drawers, throwing things out upon the floor, got a good draught of rum and sugar, (usually kept in those days) fed the pigs, and made himself quite at home. When the family returned, despite their vexation, they insisted "on bringing Harry home" as the ice was so dangerous. Some tell us that he consented; others, "that he declared he would return by the way he come,"

"At one time," said the late John Hunkins, "as he was climbing about the wheel at 'Hunkins' Grist

Mill' (now owned by Mr. Wilson), it suddenly started, making several revolutions, but clinging to it meanwhile with all his might, he came out as usual unharmed, to the surprise of those who witnessed his danger."

Another tells us the huge rock in the wall, placed in a corner of the field, near the road in front of Mr. Moses Thompson's residence, was located there by Harry's exertions. It came from Job's Hill. According to his own story, he yoked the oxen one night at twelve o'clock, and hitching chains to it backed them down with it, by "thumping them upon their noses," as he expressed it. It was considered a very dangerous and wonderful feat, so thought Harry, we fancy, as he never passed it, when driving his cows, without stopping to admire and pay homage at its shrine.

Among other strange incidents says Whittier, "Meeting my father one day, who kept him at arm's length for a time, he persisted, crying, 'Man! man! I *must* touch you! I shall die if I don't.' He finally succeeded." It would seem from his persistency, that he was sincere in this belief, as was one of old, who felt that could she but touch "the hem of Jesus' garment she should be made whole."

Like many at the present day, Harry had quite a mania for collecting articles which he valued, though to others his museum possessed little attraction. It consisted of rocks, broken pipe stems, bits of pretty flowered crockery, and a ball of strings as large as a tea-kettle, all of which he kept in his chamber, and would frequently go up to admire, unwinding nearly all of the ball, if he wished to insert a bright colored string or ribbon. Being in the city proper at one time, he saw a broken pipe, in the street, but not being allowed to stop, he got up at midnight and walked hither to obtain it, and came back the same night. What an example of perseverance to curiosity seekers of a later date !

We are sorry to say that Harry was much addicted to taking what did not belong to him. Going secretly into Parson Tompkins' attic one morning, he filled his pockets and clothing with ears of corn, and tied his trousers down at the ankle, but unfortunately the fastenings gave way, and thump ! thump ! thump ! came the ears, as he rushed down stairs to escape the good parson, who overheard him and gave chase in vain.

As an example of his fun-loving propensity, we

are informed that in the same parson's church one Sabbath morning he caused a good deal of merriment by his comical faces and grimaces. Seeing the tithing-man coming toward him, he mounted the wood work in front of the gallery, and running the length of it, climbed down like a squirrel by one of the pillars which supported it, and ran out the inside door, without being caught.

Harry was a very quick tempered youth, and as a revenge upon his enemies wished "God would cut off the hay and turnips so that their cows would not give milk, or make them hold up their heads, so they would not eat at all." But in no case, as we learn, was his wish granted.

Being given to gluttony, he was asked one day to do a little job for a lady who was frying pancakes, and consented if she would give him one-half pound of cheese, one quart of coffee, and twenty-four pan-cakes, which he counted out, giving each a name, all of which were consumed, as the story goes. This spirit led him to wish "that God would destroy all the people in the world, so that he could have all the cherry rum and crackers for himself.

Poor Harry ! his appetite for them was gratified

for once at least, without the earth being depopulated of a single person but himself. Being at the store of Mr. Benjamin Chase at Rocks Village, one evening, he either lingered purposely or was locked in by mistake, and was found almost dead the next morning, from the quantity of cherry rum and crackers taken into his stomach, which very soon proved his death.

It is said he died at the Old Garrison House, East Haverhill, and that his funeral occurred there, as he had been living with Mr. Ephraim Elliott, its owner.

Doubtless his ashes repose in Greenwood Cemetery, as the oldest headstone deciphered in 1887. bears date of 1785. It marks the grave of Moses, son of Mr. Ephraim Elliott, who gave the land, for a Cemetery, several years before Harry's death.

Doubtless the community felt glad to be rid of such an annoyance, though at times his strange freaks seemed very marvellous and amusing. Had he lived in the days of Salem witchcraft, he would have probably been executed on Gallows Hill, instead of dying by his own imprudence.

Though nearly a century has passed since Harry Spoollet figured upon life's stage, yet the history of his strange doings, familiar as household words in this locality, will continue, as transmitted to future descendants, to carry the young, especially, far into wonderland, in view of the mystery attending a life so weird and strange.

NOTE.—The above are a few of the incidents in the life of Harry Spoollet as we have carefully gathered them from aged ones. Scaling roofs, dancing on ridgepoles, etc., we acknowledge seems quite incredulous, but the additional testimony of the parents of Whittier (as received through him), has encouraged us to give the sketch to the public with all its incredulity, "telling the tale as it comes to us from the shadowy past."

HISTORICAL NOTES.

PRINCE AND PETER. ·

EVERY village has its diversity of character, some of which are so marked by originality, or some striking feature, as to be detailed to children's children in the years to come. The incidents may not be of much importance in themselves, and yet they relieve the monotony of village history. Among this class are the two following sons of Africa, of whom nearly all the dwellers of our little hamlet have heard. They were among the earliest village biographies we heard from the lips of our grandmother, in whose family the first was owned, until we could almost see in fancy their woolly

heads, black, shining complexion, pearly teeth and characteristic grin, as they danced grotesquely for the white villagers in summer twilight, or winter eve at the village stores, much to their amusement.

"Prince Davis," as he was called, or rather "Black Prince," was owned by Mr. Amos Davis, father of Deacon James Davis, and lived in the old mansion house which is still standing near his own dwelling. In his father's family Bible may be seen

"Prince, the servant of Amos Davis born'd April ye 11 day, 1769."

"Nancea, the servant of Amos Davis, born'd ye 23d day of December, in the year 1767."

The following is a copy of the bill of sale now in possession of Hampden McFee* of this city, a grandson of said Amos, owner of Prince and Nancea. The latter died at the age of nine years. Being a sickly child Prince's master gave her to Mr. Davis when he purchased her brother Prince.

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Samuel Somerby of Newburyport, in the county of Essex and province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, baron for, and in con-

*Since Deceased.

sideration of, twenty lbs. lawful money to me in hand paid by Amos Davis, of the town of Haverhill, in the county, and province above said, yeoman, the receipt wherof I do hereby acknowledge, have given, granted and sold said Amos Davis, his assignees, a certain negro boye of about two years and one half old. Said negro boye was born of my negro girl Milet, in my house. Said negro boye, when I sold him, was aboute 2 and one half years old, as I said. Now the s'd negro boye Prince is in his sixth year, and the said Samuel Somerby do by these presents sell the above said negro boye Prince, for the full terme of his, said Prince's natural life, to to said Amos Davis, and to his heirs and assignees for the above said terme of life, and furthermore, I have a good right to sell Prince, said above negro boye, for the above said terme of life, as above, and will by these presents bind myself and heirs, to the said Amos Davis and his heirs, that ye said Prince to that service as above said, in writing whereof the said Samuel Somerby hereunto set my hand and seal this day of Nov. sixth, anno domini one thousand seven hundred and seventy four, and in the fifteenth year of ye reign of George the Third, king, &c.

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of us,

MOLY SOMERBY,
SAMUEL SOMERBY,
HANNAH SOMERBY."

Prince was a strong active boy, and became very useful to his master, with whom he was a great

favorite. He grew to manhood, tall and athletic, measuring over six feet in height, and prided himself in cutting as large a swathe of grass as any of his contemporaries. We are sorry to say, in spite of his industry, he could not resist the temptation to take occasionally what was not his own, when influenced to do so by his evil companions whom he met at the village stores, his favorite resort on winter evenings. Oftentimes he took articles which were of no use to him, as the half bushel of eggs from the store of Deacon Enoch Foot, and hid in a sand bank, for which, as usual, his master had to pay. As a further illustration of his evil habit, we copy the two following time-worn receipts from the original penmanship :

Haverhill, Dec. 13th, 1791.

Rec'd of Amos Davis in full of fine, costs of court, and
Ingall's bill of board of Prince Davis convicted of theft in
June last.

BAILEY BARTLETT, Sheriff.

Sheriff Bartlett was one of the most prominent men of his day. His portrait may be seen in "Chase's History of Haverhill," beneath which is his autograph in a pretty, neat hand, as appears in the old

receipt. The second one reads as follows :

AMESBURY, Dec. ye 18th, 1794.

Rec'd of Mr. Amos Davis one pound four shillings in full satisfaction, for eight fowls which Prince Davis and Peter Mogors confess they stole from my Barn on the Night of the 12th Instant.

I say Rec'd by me,

PHILLIPS CHALLIS.

The above receipt is also very prettily written, showing that good penmanship was not among the lost arts a hundred years ago.

Greatly to the surprise of the villagers, Prince married a white resident: Miss Susie Bootman, who lived in a small house by "Bootman's Brook," about an eighth of a mile from the residence of the venerable John Hunkins of East Haverhill, on the road leading to Newton, N. H. He worked for his master as usual, who built him a small house on a piece of land on the straight road from Stuart's corner to the East Parish, and not far from said corner, where the old cellar may still be seen.

The house was bought by the late Mr. Moses Jaques, and removed to Rocks Village, and is still used by his family as a wood-shed. The land where

it used to stand, bears the name of "Prince Place," and is owned by Mr. Samuel Elliott of this city.

Prince resided here for several years, indulging in his old habits at times. At last he went so far as to steal a cow, and taking her into the woods tied her to a tree, where she was found in a starved condition having been there for several days. The cost of the court was one hundred dollars, besides which Prince was to receive thirty lashes. His master paid the sum of one hundred dollars at once, and when the time came for the thirty lashes, so great was his pity, he paid thirty dollars more to save him from them, being one dollar per lash. Having paid five hundred dollars to answer the demands of the law at different times, he concluded it would be cheaper to give him his freedom and let him shift for himself. Giving him the use of his horse and wagon to remove to Sanbornton, N. H., he started with his wife and four children. When upon Sanbornton bridge the horse took fright, upon which he leaped out and held on upon the back part of the wagon, while the horse freed himself, sprang over the railing and was drowned. Fortunately, none of the family were injured. The horse was a valuable one, being quite a loss to the owner.

As he had also been sentenced to leave the place at the time of the cow theft, he dared not visit it for several years, and then by night.

The son of his master* Deacon James Davis of 86 years, remembers when a little boy, of hearing quite a commotion in the house one night, and thought some one was getting in at the window, but did not dare to give any alarm. It seemed that Prince came, and as the doors were fastened, he climbed in at the window, and was welcomed by the family, notwithstanding his faults. His advent was kept a secret until the next night, when he departed, and never visited the place afterward. Several years after, he removed to Canada, and one of his sons came into the place to work, as a mason. Prince afterward removed to New York, and had one son who was a preacher of quite respectable talents.

A young negro, purporting to be a grandson of Prince, worked for a gentleman in Haverhill, a few years since, and that is all we know of the descendants of poor old Prince, the family servant, whose grievous fault caused himself and others, much trouble, and, on the whole, we think deserving of

*Since Deceased.

pity for his weakness, in being so easily influenced in the wrong. If living, he would be one hundred and fourteen years old, but no doubt he long since passed from earth, we hope to fairer scenes.

“Black Peter,” as he was familiarly called, was born in Newburyport nearly one hundred years ago. His father was a Spaniard, and his mother, though an African, was not of the darkest hue, consequently Peter looked more like a mulatto. He was a well looking negro of medium height, never very strong in body or mind, resulting probably from the following fact :

When about ten years of age, as he was on ship-board at the wharf, Newburyport, trying with some other companions to get molasses from a hogshead by means of a straw, as boys often do, the captain gave him a blow on the head with a club, which sent him headlong to the floor, where he remained for a long time insensible.

He was sold early in life to Mr. Francis Chase of Newton, N. H., who, according to the slave's own account, used to lash him severely at times, and smoke him in a corner of the old fireplace, so that we can hardly wonder he became blind in old age.

Sometime after attaining manhood, he was sold to Abner Chase, near Rocks Village and Merrimac line, but as the deed is not in existence, we cannot tell the date. At the decease of Mr. Chase, he was given to his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Pillsbury, where he spent the remnant of his days. He was naturally a well disposed negro, but if at times his Spanish element refused obedience, a threat "that he would have to be sent back to his old master at Newton," caused him to succumb at once.

Peter was a very faithful servant and took so much interest in his master's farm that it was often called "Peter's farm," much to his delight. He was very fond of children, especially of his master's three little daughters, only one of whom is living—Mrs. Job Hoyt of Merrimac, Mass., now seventy-seven years of age, to whom we are much indebted for many little items given here. He loved to have them follow him round in the field when at work. And often after giving his dark face a thorough scrubbing with soap and water he would ask them if he did not look almost English? To have them assure him that he did, was very pleasing, so much did he dislike negro blood.

"This is a drefful storm massa," he would say : "we must git the childers from school," and was delighted to go and bring them home with his master's horse and sleigh or wagon, as the season might be. No wonder the little ones loved him so much, vainly thinking, and trying to cure him with herb tea, when the infirmities of age called him home. Peter was a very eccentric character, and his comical and witty sayings have been handed down to the present generation to live in years to come.

Dancing in neighboring houses and stores, for a few coppers was a favorite habit. He was never willing to take "white money," as he called it, for fear of getting a spurious article, as he had sometimes been imposed upon by getting round pieces of tin, etc. When dancing, he composed his own songs, singing oftentimes the following ditty :

"Starboards and oars and pitchfork handles,
Knives and forks and halibut puddings;
Got any white money about ye?
I take all coppers to-day."

These ditties were often understood better by himself, than his listeners.

He kept his coppers in an old fashioned wooden piggin, and delighted to count them over, oftentimes indulging in a little "lasses candy," of which he was extremely fond, as also bean porridge, much preferring it to coffee. At his request, a small earthen pot of it was kept for him, to partake of at will. As he saw his master's house burning, he danced about him in terrible grief, saying, "O dear ! massa ! Porridge is gone, pot and all," thinking more of the loss of the porridge than the house, which seemed quite a marvel.

Another laughable little incident is related of him, viz. : When falling down from the scaffold one day, he caught at one of the posts which supported it and held on, saying, when asked the reason, "he was afraid he should fall up, if he didn't hold on." This story, however, we think an exaggeration.

Like all his race, Peter possessed a large degree of the religious element. An aged lady by our side tells us when she went to play with the "little Pillsbury girls" one night, they listened to hear him pray, and remembers the following expressions : "Oh Lord, bless us and make a lot of corn grow for

man, an' much provender for the cattle," when hearing the hired boy's step upon the stairs, he stopped at once and said, "Hark ! Sam's cummin'" and beginning where he left off, went on with his prayer.

It seems a little singular that the names of Prince and Peter are both put to two different pieces of land in this locality, serving to perpetuate their memories, which would doubtless have been pleasant for them to foresee.

In Chase's History of Haverhill, page 498, may be found the following :

"The carrier of the Gazette, in his address to his patrons, January 1st, 1828, informs them that

"Shad Parish still continues much the same,
The unwearied ghost still watches Country Bridge,
Or stalks with chattering teeth and eyes of flame,
From his old station up to 'Peter's Ridge.'"

It further states that "this ridge was so called from being the residence of black Peter," which was a mistake. The name arose from the land being owned by his master, Pillsbury, for whom, at one time, he cut off quite a lot of wood. Going

up by Mr. Daniel Goss', on Country Bridge road, the first right hand corner, bordering on the road, which leads to Whittier's birthplace, is designated as "Peter's Ridge," and to this ridge Whittier has reference, in the first line of the first stanza of the "Countess Poem," thus,

"Over the wooded northern ridge,"

which certainly invests the little spot with interest.

In Peter's latter days he suffered from blindness, or nearly so, an eye being injured by the hooking of a cow, but still he tried to make himself as useful as possible to his master's family. At the age of ninety years he passed away, from the infirmities of age, happy in the thought that he was "going to enter the Canaan above." Everything was done to add to his comfort, and so faithful had he been that the family could not help feeling sad when he passed from sight. The little daughters wept bitterly, feeling "it was very hard that poor Peter must die," cherishing very pleasant recollections of the dear old servant, whose remains have rested for more than seventy years in the cemetery

at Merrimac, Mass., in the upper corner of the old part, near the railroad depot. The exact spot cannot be found, as there is no stone to mark the grave.

Doubtless there is no one living in this vicinity who will recall the memory of Prince, save the son of his old master above referred to, while a score or more will remember poor old Peter and his odd sayings and doings, though the snows of seventy winters have fallen upon his grave. To many youthful readers who have never heard that slavery once existed in our state and town, the statement will seem almost incredible, but it is even so.

Well may we blush when we think that only one hundred and three years have passed since it was abolished in the old Bay State, and that our ancestors previous to this time, were guilty of buying and selling their brothers and sisters of darker hue.

True, as a general thing, they were treated far differently from slaves at the South, and in many instances became favorites in their master's families, preferring to remain with them after becoming free ; but that does not cancel the wrong.

In comparing dates, we find that Whittier's* birth occurred only twenty-seven years after the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts (1780). With his hatred of this great wrong, had he lived in those days, we fancy his noble soul would have been even more deeply stirred, crying out as in later years,

“Slaves in a land of light and love
Where rolled the tide of freedom's war.”

“No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land.”

* “In referring to the above sketches he says, “I have often heard my father tell of the two old slaves, and am glad to see them so well described in thy article.”

“FROM CROSS TO CROWN.”

“Through cross to crown, and through thy spirit’s life
Trials untold assail, with giant strength:
Good cheer! good cheer, soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.”

MEMORIAL Day, 1874, I gathered with many others at a beautiful cemetery, to witness the bestrewing of bright garlands, and choice flowers, upon the graves of many a brave soldier, whose memories are kept fragrant by those tender tributes, though their bodies are mingled with their kindred dust.

Not far from where I was standing my eye caught sight of a low, grassy mound, marked by a plain white slab, upon which was inscribed “E. M. B. Died August 2, 1857, aged 32 years.” Though no

loving hand was there to strew even one flower upon the breast of the quiet sleeper, most of his friends being in other places, unseen angels, methinks, guard this lovely spot, for here rests as brave a Christian hero as ever faced the cannon's mouth at Gettysburg or Bull Run. Marching not on to victory at the sound of bugle or drum, nor inspired with any hope of his name being emblazoned on historic page, but in his humble home, battling with disappointment in the frustration of noble plans and purposes of usefulness with the prospect of suffering from a poor, diseased body, until his worn spirit would "shake off this mortal coil and speed for heaven." And now, gentle reader, shall I give you a brief, but imperfect sketch of E. M. B., commencing with my first acquaintance, when he was some eighteen years of age.

In person, he was well formed, of medium height, with regular features, broad expansive forehead, and pleasanter black eyes I have seldom seen, lighting up his whole face when engaged in conversation. His manners were unusually polished, combining withal so much of real goodness and kindness, rendering him a welcome guest wherever found.

Especially was he beloved by the children who are not slow to detect pleasing traits in their friends, as well as "children of larger growth."

At the time alluded to, he came to visit his parents who had just moved into the town of West Newbury, their home bordering upon the beautiful Merrimac. He had just graduated from Haverhill High School, and expected soon to enter college at Waterville with the purpose of devoting himself as a teacher of youth.

Losing his mother at a tender age, an uncle received him into his family caring for him thus far, with no remuneration save the little service the nephew rendered him when not engaged in study: but he was now thrown wholly upon his own resources.

He entered college,—stood high among his classmates,—and was beloved by his teachers. He taught during his vacations, exerting himself beyond endurance, and when several terms had expired, his health gave way, obliging him to remain at home, while other classmates more vigorous than himself, gathered to their daily tasks. Vainly did he "hope against hope," that when another, and yet another

term had passed, he should be able to resume his studies. But the time came not. Physicians pronounced his disease that of the spine, with the sad prospect of being a cripple and invalid through life.

It is difficult to trace, as it were, the crushing out for a while, of that young life, with a nature so ardent and ambitious, thirsting to bless the world, and bear his part in life's great duties. Yes, it is a hard lesson to learn, that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

But like the good soldier he did not lie down discouraged upon the field of battle, but girded his armor closer to him, looking to heaven for strength. Despondency with its dark wings, which was brooding o'er his spirit, was driven far hence, and peace and contentment shone forth upon that interesting face, now wearing an angelic look, so subdued and chastened was his spirit, by the gentle ministrations of sorrow. Four years of inactivity passed, when a light employment suitable for a sitting posture was furnished him by a friend. This he pursued with cheerfulness and diligence as far as strength would allow, feeling once more that life was not wholly useless, often remarking "how much it was thus re-

lieved of its monotony.” As he could walk only by crutches, a carriage propelled by hand was given him, but as his strength proved inadequate it rendered him but little service. Nevertheless, his seat at the house of God was seldom vacant, however inclement the weather might be. Kind friends took turns in conveying him, then taking him from the carriage, he was gently borne by strong arms to his seat, than whom among that gathered throng, there was no more devout worshipper.

In the Sabbath School he took a deep interest, and at their sessions was often removed to a position where he could address them face to face. None who listened will ever forget that fragile form, as he stood there, his dark eyes radiant with the light of Heaven, urging his young friends to become reconciled to God, assuring them “that the path of wisdom was a pleasant way,” and humbly declaring how graciously he had been sustained therein amid all trials that had fallen to his earthly lot. How could such scenes fail to be impressive? More indelibly are they engraven upon living hearts than any scenes of canvas painting the world has ever known. The former will last through eternity,

the latter be effaced by time. Solemn thought ! that each one of us are also painting for eternity, weather we realize the fact or not. Happy will it be if we prove faithful artists, and our works such as the Great Master shall approve.

But to return to our story. Thus a few more years passed, bringing not much change in the life of our friend. Laboring with his hands, toiling in the Sabbath School as teacher, the prayer meeting, and other departments, when he found himself confronting a new and bitter trial. How could he make the sacrifice and yield up to another, one whom he had early wooed and won, and hoped to journey with through life? But with prospects so blighted, he would not be too selfish. Generously was she released, with no words of reproach, craving rather for her Heaven's choicest benediction, and soon she bore another name.

Perhaps it were well to let the curtain fall without looking further into that desolate heart, lest it might seem obtrusive. His grief was borne in silence, seldom if ever breathing the name of her he loved, and taking up "life's broken threads," he wrought on with the same cheerfulness as before,

and year after year he seemed to be made "perfect through suffering."

Many Christian friends who had known or even heard of him, sought frequent opportunities of learning of this youthful disciple, lessons of patience and meekness, by which they too were enabled to bear life's burdens more cheerfully, and his home was a pleasant resort for old and young. None came away without lessons of instruction and profit.

But this suffering one was not always to remain in the crucible, and being fitted, we trust, for the Heavenly Crown, in the month of August, 1857, after twelve years of disease, his pure spirit took its flight, and soared upward to the Heavenly mansion, leaving the poor, crippled and diseased body, as a cast off garment which had served him but a little while, as a preparation for the glorious drapery of Heaven.

Physicians said his disease had terminated in "premature old age." So gradually had he been failing, we did not dream his end was so near, but he was ready to go.

Sad hearts gathered at the day of burial. For him the change was gain; but all "grieved that they should see his face" no more. His funeral was at-

tended by Rev. Dr. Train, his former pastor, who has we trust joined him in Heaven. Very impressive remarks were made, alluding to his patience in suffering, his liberality for the support of the Gospel, giving more according to his means than any member of the church, his exemplary life—his peaceful death,—as affording valuable lessons to present and elsewhere. Prayer was then offered commending the mourning group to the great Comforter, and after looking upon the pleasant face of our friend for the last time, we returned in sadness to our homes. But though the snows of many a winter have fallen upon his grave, his memory is still fragrant in the hearts of his friends, and “being dead he yet speaketh.”

And now, kind readers, let me ask in closing this simple sketch, did I err at its commencement in saying “That beneath the plain neat slab, inscribed E. M. B.,” to which my attention was directed, “Memorial day, 1874, sleeps as brave a Christian hero as ever faced the cannon’s mouth at the battle of Gettysburg or Bull Run?”

Ye who knew him in his home, at Waterville College and elsewhere, I leave it for you more especially, to judge.

POEMS.

NEW ENGLAND.

Oh, tell me not of lands more fair,
Sweet flowers, whose breath perfumes the air
Of sunnier skies, and scenes more bright,
Almost enchanting to the sight ;
Of richer birds, who sweetly sing,
And fly abroad on rapid wing,
'Mid orange bowers and stately lime,
Pleased with their own bright sunny clime,

Where more delicious fruits abound,
And golden gems in mountains found ;
Where spice and pomegranite grow,
And sparkling waters ever flow.
I love my own bright Northern home,
Its pleasant fields I love to roam,
To see the grain and waving corn,
When glory gilds the rising dawn.

To breathe its air so pure and free,
And hear the birds' sweet minstrelsy ;
To me her skies seem ever bright,
Though winter robes the earth in white.
Then tell me not of lands more fair,—

New England ever will be dear ;
No spot on earth I love so well,
And here I ever wish to dwell.

AUTUMN.

Yes ! Autumn with its chilling blasts
Has returned to us again,
And the withered leaves are rustling
Through the forest, o'er the plain.

Though their living green has faded,
They are beautiful in decay,
With their variegated colors,
As if dyed in sunset ray.

Spring has passed—the time of sowing,
Summer, too, with lovely flowers ;
Oh ! how swiftly sped each season,
With its bright and gleesome hours.

Autumn's rich and golden harvest
Carefully's been gathered in ;

God has blessed the seed and sower,
Good and gracious he has been.

Ye who'd reap a plenteous harvest,
In the Autumn of your years,
Plant good seed in life's fair Spring-time,
Then for age you need not fear.

Happy memories will cluster,
Of many a kindly deed,
Yielding thee abundant harvest ;
Sow thou, then, the choicest seed.

Seeds of virtue, and seeds of truth,
These will yield thee happiness,
In the rich Autumn of thy years,
Nor Winter's age know dreariness.

Ah, no ! thou shalt not dreary be,
Though death's chill blasts around thee blow,
Thy soul shall rise to God and Heaven,
Though sleeping 'neath the wintry snow.

Oh ! why was I born of such humble birth,
That I be passed as little worth,?
Almost like cumberer of the earth.

When some little children abroad at play
Chanced to be passing by that way,
Now list to what we hear them say.

“What beautiful flowers ! Mamma would be
So glad if she could only see
You growing here so prettily.

But poor mamma is sick in bed,
Complaining of such aching head,”
One of the children sweetly said.

“Let’s pluck this pretty violet,
And maybe other flowers get,
And by her bed we will them set.

When she awakes how glad she’ll be
This pretty violet to see;
She loves them so, she’s oft told me.”

The flowers were carried to her room,
As spring’s first tribute, and their bloom
Shed on the air a rich perfume.

"Oh lovely flowers!" the mother said,
As, waking, saw beside her bed,
Among the rest, the violet's head.

"Sweet violets! you teach to me
A lesson of humility,
That I should e'er contented be.

And if in mercy God denies
Aught that I might too fondly prize,
I'll daily look unto the skies."

So said the mother, as she lay
Upon her bed of pain that day,
And for humility did pray.

Henceforth a happier life she led,
And often to her children said,
"'Twas the sweet violet near my bed,

Which taught me e'en the humblest lot,
Prizing our blessings as we ought,
May with much happiness be fraught!"

Thus violet's life was not in vain,
But like the dew or gentle rain,
It blessed the sufferer's couch of pain.

"THE MARBLE STANDS WAITING."

"The marble stands waiting,"

Young sculptor for thee
To bring forth the chisel,
And to work patiently,

'Till the beautiful form,
Now closely concealed,
Shall burst forth all life-like
In perfection revealed.

To last when the sculptor
Has faded away;—
The hand that hath wrought it
Has all crumbled to clay.

So in the great life-work,
Each one of us may
Be compared to a sculptor
Working marble each day.

To rear up a statue,
The great Master own,
When we lay down the chisel
And pronounce it well done!

Instead of dead marble
Let kind deeds and thoughts
Each day in our labors
Be skillfully wrought.

That down through the ages,
Our life work may stand,
A pattern to others,
Working chisel in hand.



